

JULY 1899.

NEW SERIES. PART XXXIII.

THE LEISURE HOUR



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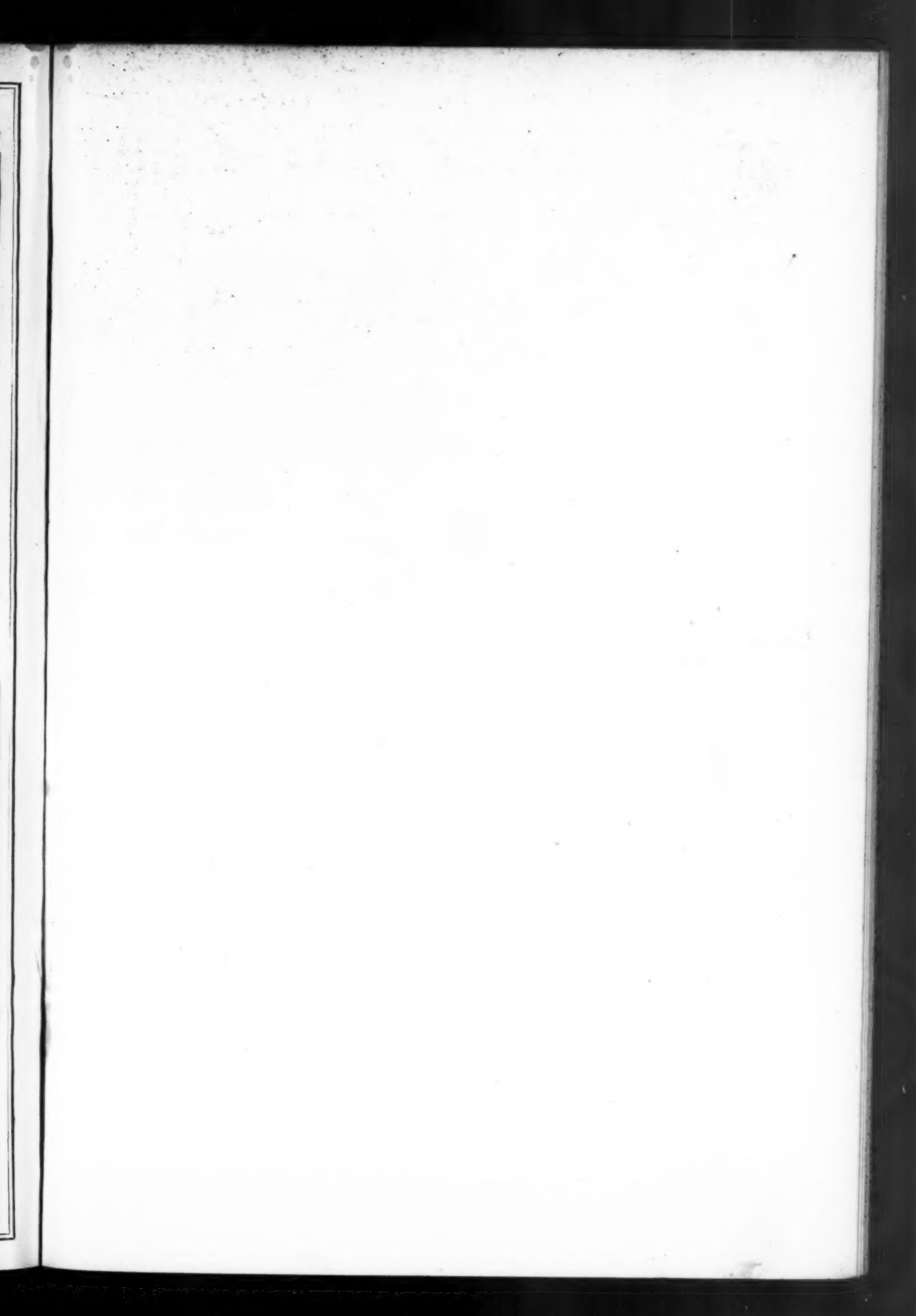
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"THE SILENT EVENING HOUR."

PAINTED BY
J. B. LEADER, R.A.

CYNTHIA.

BY CHARLES LEE, AUTHOR OF "PAUL CARAH," ETC.



THE NEGLECTED GARDEN

CHAPTER VII.—FORESTER SPEAKS.

AS Maurice sat over his tea Mrs. Blewett entered and delivered a note from Mrs. Wilmington. Mrs. Wilmington's charges dwelt in a Vallombrosa of notes; delicately tinted, discreetly scented epistles fluttered from her pretty fingers like leaves from the lady-birch in autumn. Maurice was invited, with much-underlined apologies for the *very* short notice, to come and dine that same evening, to meet Miss Paget and Mr. Forester. Mrs. Wilmington dined all the colony by turns in carefully selected twos and threes; she was

suspected of having worked out all the possible combinations of the limited number of guests available, so that never since the first invasion of Tregurda had the same party met about her table.

An answer by bearer was requested. Maurice wrote accepting, and countermanded his orders for dinner. Mrs. Blewett lingered, the note in her hand.

"Mrs. Wilmington," she said, glancing at the superscription. "'Tis there you'm going to-night?"

"Yes, I am dining there," said Maurice.

"A nice young lady," said Mrs. Blewett.

"And Mr. Wilmington, he's a nice young gentleman. He paint very good pickshers, so William John say. She paint pickshers too. Two av a trade, you see. That make it very pleasant, I should think."

She paused and coughed.

"These artists, now," she continued; "it seem they mostly marry among themselves, like. Edn' that so?"

"Very often," said Maurice. "I know of several cases. Similarity of tastes, you see. But not always, of course."

"Ow!" said Mrs. Blewett. "Not always, but gen'rally."

"Well, no; I wouldn't say generally," replied Maurice. "They are much like other people, I suppose; they fall in love and marry here or there, as their fancy leads them."

Mrs. Blewett nodded.

"That's as I thought," she said. "Just like other people. They'm deffrant in some things, but when it come to loving and marrying, all the world's the same. And sometimes they should marry above them, I expect; and sometimes, I should'n wonder, beneath them?"

"Yes," said Maurice. The woman's idle curiosity about the doings of the "quality" amused him, and he was ready to gratify it. "Some get rich wives; and, on the other hand, I know of several who have married their models. In fact, that happens quite often, and I don't wonder at it. Many of these professional models are respectable girls, well-bred and ladylike; and, of course, most of them are very good-looking."

"Ow!" said Mrs. Blewett, and stooped to pick up the note, which had dropped from her fingers. "And shall I take up your tea-things, sir?"

"If you please," said Maurice, and chose a chair and a book, feeling too tired, after the journey and the excitement of yesterday, to stir until the time came to dress. The book was soon laid down; no printed book could compete in interest with the living story into which he had been dipping here and there. He had missed the early chapters, and had to guess their purport from hints and allusions; and some of the pages remained uncut—among them the all-important page which analysed the heroine's character—he had fixed on the heroine at once—and supplied the clue without which certain of her actions were hardly comprehensible. Another leaf there must be, still awaiting the paper-knife, which discoursed at length on the hero—if the identity of the hero had been rightly established—and explained why, with everything, as it seemed, in his favour—ardent passion to urge him on, warm admiration on the heroine's part to ease the way for him, and no formidable rival to contend with—he made no move, but stood eating his heart out in obstinate silence. For it was not to be credited that he held aloof from sheer pusillanimity. Shy and modest he might be, but no coward; reticent, but he had that within him which gives eloquence to the tongue-tied.

Well, the element of mystery heightened the interest. The story promised well; if only it was not to be stupidly scattered or abruptly broken off by inartistic destiny. Possible developments were sketched, in which Robert Maurice played the part of the benevolent *deus ex machina*. Thanks to his penetration, he was already the god in the car, watching from above the blind gropings of these mortals in the toils of fate. There was Greek irony in the unconscious gambols of the subsidiary characters round the grave protagonists. One of them was rather too grave, not to say solemn, for his taste; but the other was charming.

Into his complacent meditations came the disturbing sound of voices in the kitchen—two voices talking in low tones; one was Nelly's, the other—a man's voice—was certainly not Mr. Blewett's. The talk was not continuous; it went in brief sentences, punctuated by long intervals of silence; and in the silences Maurice was embarrassed to hear now and again a sibilant, semi-explosive sound of unmistakable import. The door between kitchen and parlour was ajar; he got up softly and closed it. The latch held until he was settled in his chair again; then it clicked, and the door swung back to its former position. To a second, more careful closing, the same result ensued. Maurice was annoyed; he had no wish to play the eaves-dropper. Wasn't it time to dress? He rose noisily and went to the door, fiddling unnecessarily with the latch before passing out. There was a sound of chairs scraping the floor, and he entered the kitchen to find the grandmother slumbering by the fire, and Nelly and a young man sitting at a suspiciously decorous distance from each other.

Maurice regarded the young man with interest. His appearance was prepossessing; it would have been more so, if Saturday night and the business in hand had not shackled him with a very tight and starchy collar, which heightened the natural bronze of his complexion to a coppery red, and rendered a turn of the head an arduous task, to be undertaken with circumspection.

Nelly, with her ever-ready blush and smile, introduced Mr. Tom Blamey; Mr. Tom Blamey remarked on the weather, suitably, but rather huskily, between the double pressure of collar without and bashfulness within; and Maurice went up to his room. Going out, he found Mr. Blewett leaning over the gate, smoking a pipe. Mr. Blewett winked and jerked a thumb back at the house.

"Courting!" he said. "Best for the owld chap to clear out. *Where going, father?* says she. *Now don't 'ee go on account o' we,* says he. But William John know-all about that. Courting, now—to give 'ee an insight—'tis a man and a maid, and the rest don't count. *All creation was concocted for we,* says they, and *what do the rest av 'ee mane by trespassing round on our property?* Ho-ho! That's av ut! Well, 'tis pretty while 'a do last; and sim'me, they'm a handsome pair. Nell—well, she's my daughter, you see; a good maid, but fliggish.

I want to see the ring safe on her finger. She very fond av Tom, if you onderstand; but you can't tell with a maid, so long as she is a maid. Now, Tom, he's as steady a young chap as you could find; he's Mr. Forester's fav'rite; when Mr. Forester go sailing or fishing, 'tis always along av Tom. And when Mr. Forester think well av a man, that man's a man to think well av. My woman, now, she don't coincide with Tom at all; you may ask why, and I couldn't tell 'ee. She never did from the first, and just lately it seem like she can't bear the sight av 'm. Just now, soon as Tom come in, out she flop. She's deep, my woman is; I don't think you could find a deeper woman anywhere. Twenty-five year I've consorted with her, and haven't took her soundings yet, as you may say. She think more than she speak, which edn' nat'ral in a woman; though I edn' complaining about *that*. Wonderful deep she is, sure 'nough."

He nodded sagely, and Maurice went on his way. Up at the Wilingtons' he was the first to arrive. Mrs. Wilington was so glad that he had been able to come, and apologised again for the discourteously short notice. He gathered that she had been disappointed of a guest at the last moment, and from her next words he inferred that he owed his invitation to Vincent's sudden defection.

"Poor Mr. Vincent!" she said, "I did my best for him, though I saw from the first that it was hopeless. Cynthia is unmanageable—positively unmanageable. It is most annoying!"

"My dear Alice," said her husband, "one can't blame Miss Paget for choosing for herself in this rather important matter."

"But she won't choose! That is what annoys me so. What wonderful fate is she reserving herself for? She has no right—no girl has the right—to be so dainty. I admit her good looks; and there's something about her, it seems, that enslaves men. Men!" she repeated emphatically. "And first they set her high on a pedestal, and then they call on her to descend into their arms. After all, it isn't astonishing if she prefers to remain aloft."

"Very well put!" approved her husband.

Having expressed herself so well, Mrs. Wilington could afford to relent further.

"Poor Cynthia!" The oil of pity she kept in readiness for all who could not see with her eyes served also to allay her own irritation at their blindness. "Poor Cynthia! She doesn't know. . . . A girl's life is wasted until—" Her eyes sought her husband, and dwelt on him for a fond moment. "Well, we must do what we can for her. You don't know, Mr. Maurice, what a weight of responsibility one feels, with all these self-willed young people to look after."

Maurice could conceive no more delightful or privileged experience than being looked after by Mrs. Wilington.

"Ha!—extremely well put!" exclaimed Wilington. "Your acknowledgments, my dear,

are due to Mr. Maurice for a very pretty compliment."

"If he isn't laughing in his sleeve at me," said the lady shrewdly. Maurice had an inkling of what was more apparent later on—that the fear of ridicule ranked very high among the ruling emotions of the colony. His attempted disclaimer was cut short by the arrival of Forester. Cynthia followed a minute later, and they went in to dinner.

No clear memory of the table-talk remains with Maurice, except that Mrs. Wilington, for some reason of her own, devoted especial attention to the task of drawing Forester out and keeping him in prominence—not without a certain measure of success. True, she could not lend him eloquence, but it was evident that Forester in a small circle of quiet conversation was not quite the tongue-tied Forester of the chattering crowd. Appealed to for opinions on this and that, he floundered grievously, but the tale of a fishing adventure was told with positive animation.

When they were back in the drawing-room Wilington asked his wife if any of the others were expected to come in.

Mrs. Wilington thought not. Nobody had been invited; she had planned a quiet evening.

"Then perhaps Miss Paget can be persuaded to sing to us presently," said Wilington. "You must understand," he explained to Maurice, "that Miss Paget has a rooted objection to singing in a room full of people."

"Music is sacred," said Cynthia, laughing a little to discount the seriousness of her words. "One hates to make a show of it, or to use it to fill up the intervals of small talk. To sing a song one loves in the presence of a crowd is like—like handing one's heart round on a tray with the ices. Music speaks so plainly. But I shall be glad to sing to-night, if you wish."

Mrs. Wilington opened the piano.

"What shall it be?" asked Cynthia. "Will Mr. Maurice choose?"

Maurice turned over the leaves of a volume, and found a song. Cynthia smiled at him when she saw that he had chosen Schumann's *Mondnacht*.

She sang in German. The poet tells of moonlight:

It was as if Heaven had set a kiss on the still Earth as she slept among the pale-glimmering flowers, and masterfully coloured her dreams with thoughts of him. The breeze went through the meadows; gentle waves passed over the corn; the woodlands rustled softly; the night was starry-clear. And my soul spread its wings abroad, and took flight across the still world, as a bird that flies towards its home.

The gossamer music of the accompaniment shimmers and quivers overhead; now and again single notes are heard to descend one by one into tranquil depths. The voice meditates with brief pauses; here and there it is enticed, as if unawares, into an echo of the accompaniment; one phrase that glides aloft and swiftly drops,

occurs again and again; it is the looped flight of a small, feeble-winged bird. Phrase after phrase ends on the same note, the dominant; leaping up to it, and hanging there suspended in a kind of wistful ecstasy. It is not until the last word of all that the voice comes home, and rests and lingers on the reposeful key-note.

Her voice flooded the room with moonlight; a white voice, if the epithet may be applied; what emotion might be in it was to be guessed at rather than discerned, as colours under the moon. A translucently white voice, suggesting all pure and shining things—showering fountains, strings of pearls, lilies with the dawn-dew on them. She sang without effort, her face a little lifted, her eyelids drooping over the music, the curve of her throat imperceptibly troubled. The parted lips gave a new look to her face—an expectant look, that vaguely and partially recalled the look on the face in Forester's picture. A lover would have been ready to kneel.

When she ended, her tribute was an appreciable pause before thanks were murmured. Maurice ventured to ask for more, and Mrs. Wilmington petitioned for her favourite *Widmung*. Cynthia shook her head.

"A passionate love-song," she said; "and, besides, it's a man's song. I don't grasp it; it is in a foreign language. I cannot act. I could only sing it uncomprehendingly. But if a love-song is called for—"

She smiled, and turned the leaves, and chose the setting of Heine's *Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen*, the old story of cross-purposes, of lovers scorned and broken hearts, which Schumann, to emphasise its triteness and at the same time to deepen its tragedy, has set to a light, tripping dance-tune, recklessly gay, and ending in a studiously commonplace cadence of trivial chords. Cynthia chose mercilessly to accentuate the triviality; all Heine's mockery was there, without a spark of his underlying tenderness. Maurice wondered why. Was it a defiant glove flung in the face of all lovers, past and future? "This love," one could imagine her saying, "that they talk so much of, what is it? Listen; the music tells you."

As she left the piano her eyes sparkled and her cheeks were flushed.

"Who would have thought," said Maurice, "that music could be ironical?"

"Music can be everything," said Cynthia. "It is still a new thing in the world; we are only beginning to understand its power a little."

"Now, as ignorant dabblers in music," said Wilmington, "we should be glad to know what effect it has on really musical people. Not a purely emotional effect, I should imagine."

"Well, no," said Maurice. "There's the technique to consider, just as in painting. But brain and heart stir together, and fuse, if I may say so; and the result stands apart from all other emotions. To me, music suggests nothing in heaven or earth. It is out of space; one guesses at what infinity means."

"That's very curious," said Wilmington, "very curious and interesting. Now, for my part, being a painter, I see it—see it in pictures. No doubt that is the wrong way to regard it, but I suspect that our friend Forester has the same experience."

"I don't understand it," said Forester slowly. "It speaks of things I have no knowledge of. It troubles me—hurts sometimes," he added, with a downcast glance that passed before Cynthia's feet.

"Mr. Gibbs once confided to me," said Cynthia, smiling, "that whenever he heard me sing, he was irresistibly reminded of a certain dinner-party, when a clumsy waiter discharged a cascade of soda-water into the nape of his neck. Music, he said, gave him exactly the same feeling as the water trickling down his spine."

"Poor Mr. Gibbs!" said Mrs. Wilmington, with a little grimace of disgust. "Music," she added, "is the language of the soul. And I don't know what we should do without it in society, now that cards have gone hopelessly out of fashion."

They talked of other things. Presently Maurice was given to understand that it was his turn to afford entertainment. The Wilmingtons had settled to their own satisfaction that he had come to Tregurda in order to study the natives with a view to writing a novel about them; and now he was asked to amuse the company with the results of his preliminary investigations.

"Well," he said, "I came across one curious thing this morning. Just in front of my lodgings is a row of cellar doors. The bill-poster has covered most of them with advertisements of the sale of livestock and timber, but he has left one alone. And this one has been converted into a kind of unofficial notice-board. Inscriptions of all kinds are chalked upon it, most of them in the shaky handwriting of children, rather hard to read; but two or three were plainly legible. One was—*Emily Peters need not be so proud of her new hat*; another—*There's some men would steal their wife's dead shoe-strings*; and on top, in big capitals, I read—*Fred Gorman is courting Minnie Trahair*. This last announcement interested me, and when I went in I questioned my landlady. Well, she said, she wasn't sure about Fred and Minnie, but she had seen him throwing things at her and snatching her flower out of her jacket, so she wouldn't wonder but what there was something in it."

Mr. and Mrs. Wilmington laughed. Cynthia's lip curled.

"How deliciously absurd!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilmington. "Throwing things at her! What ridiculous people they are, to be sure!"

"Delightful!" said Wilmington. "So quaintly primitive. A modified survival of prehistoric custom, no doubt. Didn't our savage ancestors knock their brides down with a club?"

Forester was obviously uneasy. The dusky

colour mounted to his face ; he lifted his eyes, hesitated, and spoke.

"I think," he said, "I think that you—we—are hardly just to these people. They are good people ; they live hard lives. The men take their lives in their hands daily ; the women have much to bear. I could tell stories : there is suffering ; they are too proud to reveal it. Their ways may seem absurd—I know I am deficient in humour ; but I think that, knowing them better, one would cease

"Mr. Forester is unjust to us," she said. "We never denied them any number of estimable qualities. But we must be allowed to criticise, and to use our sense of humour. They *do* do the absurdest things, and they *are* terribly rough and uncouth. They have no refinement."

"My dear Alice," expostulated her husband, "that is hardly to be expected, is it?"

"The way they decorate their walls!" continued Mrs. Wilmington. "And the dresses



"I KNOW OF SEVERAL WHO HAVE MARRIED THEIR MODELS."

to laugh at them. I—I have learned to respect them deeply."

He ceased abruptly, as if alarmed at his long speech. Cynthia gazed at him softly and inquiringly. Mrs. Wilmington seemed shocked at this sudden intrusion of strong feeling into the decorous atmosphere of her drawing-room. Her husband was politely astonished.

"Dear me!" he said. "Our friend Forester puts the matter in a new light ; there is really some force in what he says. Perhaps we are apt to dwell a little too much on the ridiculous aspect of these worthy people—eh, my dear?"

If a pretty young lady may be said to grunt, Mrs. Wilmington grunted now.

the girls wear on Sundays ! One hears a lot of talk about the innate poetry of the Celtic races ; I have never found them to have any eyes for the beauty of their surroundings—these lovely valleys and cliffs, and this wonderful sea. To them the earth is a potato-field, and the sea a fish-preserve. They are grossly unimaginative."

Forester burst out, vehemently for him :

"They have no time to sit and look at Nature. Their life is one long fight with her. I am ashamed sometimes. This painting as a life-work—it is playing at living. They live. I am ashamed sometimes," he repeated. "The other day I was starting for a sail with Tom

Blamey, and one of the old men said to me, *All very well for you, Mr. Forester; but, to my mind, the man who goes to sea for pleasure would go to hell for pastime.*"

Mrs. Wilmington shuddered. Her annoyance at the unseemly vigour of the phrase betrayed her into something as near to rudeness as she was capable of achieving.

"To be consistent, Mr. Forester, you will have to give up art and turn fisherman."

"Well, not exactly that," said Forester, smiling. "My grandfather was a farm labourer," he added, with seeming inconsequence, and said no more.

"Really," said Wilmington, "with due deference, art is not all play, as some of us find. But I think I see what you mean. Art does in a way set the artist outside Nature. He is doomed to be a spectator. These people are a part of it; they are in the thick of the fight, and have no time to look about them and collect impressions."

"They are the common soldiers," said Maurice, "and we the special correspondents."

"Good!" said Wilmington; and they continued to talk, bearing between them the chief burden of the conversation. Forester had shot his bolt, and Cynthia was strangely silent.

When the guests rose to go, Mrs. Wilmington detained Maurice.

"Stay and finish your cigar, Mr. Maurice," she said; "it's quite early yet."

Returning from farewells at the door, she smiled mysteriously, and said:

"Poor Mr. Forester! we will give him every opportunity."

"My dear!" exclaimed her husband. "Hopeless, don't you think?"

"Well," she replied, "she has rejected all the others, with emphasis. We must do what we can. Mr. Forester is the only one left; unless Mr. Maurice—?"

She paused on a look of smiling inquiry.

Maurice laughed and shook his head.

"Consider," urged Wilmington. "Forester is hardly the man to shine as a wooer. And he has never shown a sign of being attracted, even."

"They admire each other's work, which is something to start with," said Mrs. Wilmington. "And it would be an excellent thing for Mr. Forester. The poor man has no means; he lives on what he earns, and he *will* paint these incomprehensible pictures, which everybody admires and nobody will buy. Now, with Cynthia's money—"

"Do you know," said Wilmington, "that Forester is an extraordinarily sensitive man about points of honour, and so on? It would be an excellent thing, I agree; but the reason you give would be just the reason to keep him aloof, supposing that he had aspirations."

Wilmington was mentally thanked for an opportune use of the paper-knife.

"Well, we shall see," said Mrs. Wilmington. "A little management. . . . And mark my words; if something isn't done, Mr. Forester will probably end by marrying that model of

his, and ruining his career, as so many others have done."

Mrs. Blewett made a spectral appearance somewhere at the back of Maurice's brain.

"But social considerations go for nothing with him," continued Mrs. Wilmington. "You heard how he talked about the villagers, and how he flung his grandfather in our faces. And the woman who wants to marry him will have to throw herself into his arms; and she is the only woman he will ever venture within arm's length of, if he isn't helped—pushed forward."

"Nelly Blewett?" said Wilmington. "An excellent girl, if it came to the worst. But she has a sweetheart already."

"Do you think," said Mrs. Wilmington, prettily scornful, "that a dozen sweethearts would go for anything with a girl of her class if she saw a chance of that kind? Well, I shall do my best to save him—my very best. I don't despair."

Maurice rose to deposit his cigar-stump in a safe place. Mrs. Wilmington rose too, and held out her hand.

"Must you go?" she said. "Good-bye."

It was a positive pleasure to be turned out of the house so neatly and prettily.

CHAPTER VIII.—CYNTHIA UNVEILS.

WITH brain alert and busy, Maurice felt no inclination to turn in yet. He debated a call on Otto Trist or Jack Gibbs; but the moon graciously promised him a sweeter than mortal companionship, and through the stillness of the night he heard, like a summons, the faint voice of the sea on the beach. He chased a fancy, which half eluded the net of words he sought to cast over it:

"On this calm night, with no wind to vex it, the moon-swayed sea was speaking; to-night it was the moon alone that lent it life and utterance. Little respite had the sea from the harrying winds—few chances to tell its dearest, deepest thoughts. When the winds blew, it surrendered itself to them—laughed, shouted, stormed as they willed: but on this rare night the earth-born winds had fled, and left it alone with its mistress moon. What grateful love-secret was it whispering?"

Sentiment ruled him. It was a lovely night; he had spent the evening in the presence of a beautiful woman; the moon and Cynthia possessed his thoughts alternately, till they mingled and merged, and each was the other. The love-song of the sea allured him. He walked down to the beach.

Cynthia and Forester stood side by side at the water's edge. Maurice hesitated, and was about to retreat, when they turned at the sound of his feet on the pebbles, and Cynthia beckoned. From the pebbles he passed on to firm white sand.

"Isn't it lovely?" said Cynthia, in a hushed voice.

The guardian cliffs, with their curved, jagged backs, were like great sea-monsters that had crawled half out of the water and fallen asleep as they browsed. In the track of the moon the sea was pricked and scored with a multitude of finely engraved lines and points, which merged in the distance into a soft, vague greyness. And at their feet the small waves broke on the sand, each, as it neared the shore, taking a crest of lambent, shimmering white fire, which ran and shifted continually, like an eager living thing, as the wave moved onward. When the wave began to curl, the fire divided, and each division narrowed quickly to a brilliant starry point, and was suddenly extinguished. Wave followed little wave, and every one was momentarily crowned with this swift miraculous fire. Of all sea-spells it is the loveliest. Nature keeps her most exquisite adornments for the seams and hems of her robe—for the sea-shore, for the margin of lake and river, for the horizon, and for the fringes of the woods.

There was no sound, save the several voices of the sea—the murmurous plashing of the waves at their feet, the indistinct babble, mixed with what sounded like soft hand-claps of the tide among the rocks, and farther out, where caverns pierced the cliff, a deep liquid gurgle. The three mortals were wisely silent, until Cynthia turned with a half sigh, and led the way back into the world.

At the corner of the street which led to Maurice's lodgings, and to Cynthia's also, Forester halted and gave them good-night. They went a few steps in silence.

Cynthia was the first to speak.

"Mr. Forester has been talking," she said. Her half-humorous tone allowed Maurice to express astonishment, as at a miracle.

"Yes, and talking well. He has been telling me about the villagers."

"He spoke well this evening," said Maurice.

"He spoke nobly," said Cynthia, glowing. "One can imagine the effort it cost him. He did right to speak—to reproach us. We are thoughtless—bound up in ourselves and in the trifling things that make up our lives down here. He is right; they live, and we only play at living. We have no right to laugh at them. What he said made me think. I questioned him. He was reluctant to talk at first; I fancy he thought I was feigning an interest in order to make conversation. I stood reproached when I had to convince him that I was really interested. Only think, Mr. Maurice: there is a man in the village who had two sons. The three used to go fishing in the same boat, and one day the boat was upset, and the sons were drowned before the father's eyes. He was picked up and brought ashore. He spent the night on his knees, and next morning he went out fishing again, as if nothing had happened. There was no time to waste; there were mouths to feed, the fight must go on. No wonder they hate the sea. And the poor women!—their lot is the hardest, to sit and wait and brood. Mr. Forester repeated

something that one of them said to him. In bad weather, she said, when the boats were out she could never stay in the house, because of the clock. As it ticked, she heard nothing but—*Wife, widow; wife, widow*—over and over again. And, she said, *'tis but the swing of the bob, which name should be the true one.* And do you know, Mr. Maurice, that after a bad fishing season there are whole families that don't get enough to eat all through the winter? Mr. Forester said he only found it out by accident; they keep their distress hidden even from their neighbours. And to think that all these troubles are the commonplaces of their lives! Yet Mr. Forester says they are happy; they laugh like children. Mr. Forester seems to know them well; he seems to have gained their confidence."

"Their enthusiasm," said Maurice, and quoted Sampy to her.

"Yes," said Cynthia. "It is a thing to be proud of. They know him better than we do. They are nearer to him."

Maurice did not venture to disturb her thoughtful silence. They passed his lodgings and turned a corner. The moon was now behind them, and before them walked a very loving couple. The youth's arm was hooped right round the maiden's lumpish waist; and they were stepping in unison, but with alternate feet, so that every moment they clumsily lurched together and apart. Now and again he craned his head forward, twisted his neck awry, and refreshed himself with a sounding kiss; and every time he did so, their hat brims came into perilous collision, their united balance was disturbed, and they lurched more than ever. Maurice was aware of a subtle change in his companion's bearing; he felt in an indefinable way that the current of her thoughts and feelings had taken a new channel.

He was not mistaken. She spoke, and her voice had utterly changed. The tender gravity had vanished, and in its place was a petulant harshness.

"Do we make ourselves as ridiculous as that?" she said.

Maurice had a doubtful glimpse between uncut pages. Here was another who feared ridicule above all things. A sense of humour, the sage young philosopher reflected, is a dangerous weapon in the hands of a woman—dangerous to herself. The keen blade cuts her own fingers as she uses it.

"You will call me inconsistent," she went on; "but it is useless to pretend. I want to think well of these people; I do think well of them; I have been taught to-night to admire and respect them. But they repel me. I dislike myself for it; I would wish to be otherwise; but Mrs. Wilmington spoke to-night as I should have spoken. They are gross and uncouth. Their ways distress me."

The couple before them continued their grotesque fondlings, blissfully oblivious of all the world.

"How can a girl endure to—to—I must be

vulgar—to be *paraded* about in such a fashion?" said Cynthia vehemently. "It revolts me." She paused, and added in a lower tone, as if to herself—"Not only in them. It is like seeing ourselves in a distorting glass."

She stopped at the gate of a cottage, and held out her hand. But it was dropped before Maurice could take it.

"Mr. Maurice," she said, "I have been speaking openly. It is not my habit. You will

Mrs. Wilmington's Agreeable Mediocrity did not misunderstand. If the throned princess chose to confide in him, he was grateful, and could assign its true reason to the privilege. It was not the first time he had been the recipient of unexpected confidences. Without conceit he could lay claim to possessing a gift of sympathy over and above the neutral inoffensiveness of his character.

"I am honoured, Miss Paget," he said earnestly. "You can trust me; I would never presume."

"I am lonely!" she cried; "and my glass tells me why. I am putting aside all affectation with you; I am speaking to you as I would speak to myself. I am not blind to what my glass tells me. And it tells me why women are instinctively hostile to me, and why men are inevitably—foolish. It used to make me vain once, now it makes me sad. Oh! they will tell you—they will have told you already—that I am heartless. It isn't that. There is something lacking in me—I don't understand myself—but it isn't that. I have dreams like other girls. There is an ideal, perhaps. I wait; it isn't in me to go out and search."

She paused. Maurice stumbled, not altogether blindly, after her half-veiled meaning. One word she had not spoken; she spoke it now.

"Love—" she said. "They talk—it is the common phrase—of *making love*. It is a hideous phrase to me. The love that is *made*—manœuvred, coaxed, urged, forced! All this business of hands and eyes and tongues—I

cannot be reconciled to it." Her eyes went beyond him, and her passionate voice softened. "There is a love—I have dreamt of it—that would grow up unasked and unforced, like a wildflower in a garden; unsuspected, till one day it opened a sudden blossom. Then be sure it would find hands ready to caress it, and tongues to praise it, and eyes to drink its beauty. But to sit face to face with another, and *make*



"WE DON'T MAKE OURSELVES RIDICULOUS LIKE THAT."

wonder; we are almost strangers. But I am alone down here; there is nobody I can talk to—nobody I dare talk to. They would misunderstand. I have seen very little of you, but—we women are credited with an instinct that tells us where to trust—I feel that you will not misunderstand. I am very lonely; I need a friend—a comrade. You won't misunderstand, will you?"

love, with the rest looking on and commenting and smiling—oh! how can a girl bring herself to it?"

She looked at him and tried to laugh.

"Have I told you too much, Mr. Maurice? And are you smiling at my rhapsodies, or do I repel you?"

Maurice was hurt.

"You are very good to me," he exclaimed. "It is a rare honour you have done me, and I prize it. I am grateful."

"I can thank you, too, for listening," she said. "It is a relief to speak. I brood too much; it makes me tired of life sometimes. I grow morbid, and see only the ugly side of things."

She held out her hand again.

"Good-night, Mr. Maurice. It is to be a friendship, isn't it?"

Maurice's reply was a little too fervent. She looked at him with a wistfulness that was half a reproach.

"And you won't spoil it with—foolishness?" she said. "I trust you. Good-night."

CHAPTER IX.—SUMMER DAYS.

AFTER the crowded happenings of the first two days came a pause. The first rush of vividly clad impressions slackened, and Maurice began to fall in with the ways of the colony. It was a pleasant life they led in this golden summer weather. The calendar had prated of autumn this fortnight and more; but the calendar wielded only a feeble and intermittent authority beyond the Tamar. The cottage gardens still blazed with flowers; the bracken, always the first to feel the touch of autumn's finger, was still green on the cliffs; and the sun hotly insisted that it would be summer for many a long day yet. A pleasant life, with work as an agreeable interlude, a spice that added zest to idle enjoyment. Every morning two parties sought two secluded beaches, where the waves marched in long emerald and tawny lines, white-plumed, between black sentinel rocks over a level shore of dazzling white sand. There were caverns in the cliffs for dressing-rooms, and the shallow sea was milky-warm under the sun. The bathers returned glowing, eager for heroic labours; one heard even Brent talking of cleaning his brushes with a view to starting work to-morrow. Then it would be between ten and eleven. Maurice, the idler, was bidden amuse himself elsewhere, and they with resolute steps entered their studios, and closed their doors with emphatic bangs. It would often be past mid-day before the doors would swing open again, and everybody would go to see how everybody else was getting on. If the progress reported was infinitesimal, it was agreed that hot weather was unfavourable to work, and that sending-in day was an eternity away. After lunch, and perhaps a feint at further work, there would be walks on the cliffs, and boating excursions, and bicycle rides, and siestas on the beach with an

interesting book to protect one's head from the pebbles. Later, one dressed and dined with somebody; and every other evening ended with a general gathering at the Wilmingtons'. A pleasant life; if one were asked what one had to show for it, one could point, not without pride, to Forester's picture. There was a vague but deeply rooted feeling, that by dint of assiduously frequenting Forester's studio and interminably discussing and criticising the progress of his work, the whole colony had acquired a kind of proprietary right in it. They were proud of it; it did them credit; and with the credit it did them they were ready to rest complacently contented. With Forester working hard enough for a dozen, four or five could afford to remain idle.

Maurice penetrated to other studios. Otto Trist was found surrounded by half-finished canvases, no two of which resembled each other in the least as to style or subject.

"I have a curiously complex personality," Trist was accustomed to say. "I don't know whether I'm making myself ridiculous by saying so, but I really have; and I am hunting about for the most fitting form in which to express myself. Changeable? No. There are so many points of view. Only genius can find its way among them inevitably from the first. I am no genius. But I do claim the credit of being able to see when I'm on the wrong tack; and then I pull up short, instead of blundering on, as some people would do. If only I could get on the right one!"—with a humorously hopeless glance round at the stacks of canvases.

Jack Gibbs' studio was chiefly remarkable for a formidable array of accessories. The floor was encumbered with easels of every pattern; the walls were hung with palettes of every shape and size; in a pigeon-holed bureau were multitudinous tubes of every colour known to the trade; and the brushes were as corn-sheaves in an autumn meadow. Jack had an invincible belief in the efficacy of tools, as well as a whole-hearted determination to be up-to-date in his methods, and to admire what it was artistically correct to admire. He waxed enthusiastic over the latest "dodge" for doing waves or foliage; and a rumour of a new medium or varnish would send him hurrying to the post-office to bombard his colourman with telegrams. Otto Trist was right; there was pathos in Jack, and not the least of its manifestations was his firm conviction that Nature's lovely secret could be stolen from her by means of the cunning devices of the Paris *ateliers*, or forcibly wrested with the help of the newest engines of warfare, in the shape of easels of complicated mechanism, and brushes like to mediæval lances for length and stoutness. He would gravely inform you that *palettes were worn larger than ever this season*; or that *he had heard on the best authority that scarlet trees were coming into fashion again*; or that *he had chucked the grey fake for good, and was going to see if the public could be educated up to orange lights and purple shadows*. A

remarkably easy chair, with a big screen enclosing it on three sides, played the part of Tempter in this paradise of paraphernalia.

There was an easy chair in Brent's studio, too, and a table before it, piled with novels, and an ash-tray on either side of it, and match-boxes laid handy everywhere, and an easel and a paint-box reposing innocuously in a dusty corner.

Harry Wilmington kept his affectations out of his picture. He posed and postured before it, and explained it to you with kindly elaboration, but the work itself was honest, straightforward, unpretending, and comfortably unimaginative. He worked at his conflicting lights in the spirit of one who tackles an algebraical sum; and the word "problem" was ever on his lips.

Mrs. Wilmington's studio was prettily furnished; she wore the prettiest big apron while working; and her flowers and Liberty cretonne and Japanese bowl were very pretty indeed. Ethel Ralston's "Atlantic in a Storm" was, to Maurice's prejudiced eyes, an intolerably pert insult to Nature; and as for Dora Murdoch, she did not inspire curiosity. Her only distinction was a formidable earnestness, which was apt to liquefy into sentimentality, and ooze forth on the most inopportune occasions.

Cynthia was not often in her studio; her picture took her out of doors. In the old days before the Reform Bill, Tregurda, like many other obscure villages in Cornwall, had been a place of some importance, returning two members to Parliament, and some relics of its former glory remained in the shape of a few Jacobean and Georgian houses, each in its garden-close, retired, dignified, and forlorn. One of them was occupied by the Wilmingtons; and a little way out of the village, in a dip of the hills by the sea, stood another, which had remained untenanted and uncared-for since last year's spring. Cynthia was painting the neglected garden, with its litter of rose-petals, its once trim-shaven hedges crowned with stiff scrubby bristles and long waving locks intermingled, and its throng of plebeian weeds elbowing the dainty scions of horticulture, some of which were strongly rejoicing in their new freedom, while others pined, bewildered like canaries let loose. It was a crowded scene of various drama, the actors all dumb, rooted things. Man had departed; the benign Mother called her children back from their divided allegiance, and they were running back to her bountiful arms with such disorderly haste that the weaklings were crushed in the press. Or in another aspect one might picture her as the wild witch, her captors gone, stretching her cramped limbs, tossing aside her irksome robe of civility, and summoning her untamed ones to harry and lay waste the place of her hated imprisonment. And over the wall the elfin thistle-down came eagerly tumbling, heels over head, and the bramble and woodbine, and all the host of lassoing savages, crept through every unguarded gap, and the lurking nettles came out of their corners, and ran riot over lawn and border.

Wild and tame fought and fraternised; and in the midst an aged apple-tree, sparse of leafage, crabbed of feature, long past all the passions and anxieties of growth and fruitage, and grown half-human, as orchard-trees grow, by century-long companionship with man, ministering and being ministered to—seemed to be surveying the scene with cynical amusement.

Thus Cynthia felt and painted this "Return to Nature," with a delicate intuition into the obscure and anchored souls of these groping, shooting creatures. The drama of their remote half-life appealed to her whom the human drama, seen at close quarters, pained and shocked. They were comely in strife.

Thus she felt and explained it to Robert Maurice, lying on the grass beside her as she worked. For, by virtue of their compact, they were frequent companions in these days of summer weather. He fetched her easel to and fro, and lingered by her in the garden, and walked with her by lane and cliff, and cocked his hat at danger. She had insight, and lent him her eyes. He treasured little things she said, and treasured still more the tone that made them memorable.

Under the cloudless midday sky she said: "It is like living in the bell of a great blue flower."

The dog-violets in the hedges she called the dumb sisters of the scented ones, and loved them better for their incompleteness.

The pink thrift, poised on its slender stalk over its swelling cushion of dark green foliage, was "a rosy sea-fairy, tiptoe on a wave."

She noted "the appealing look some flowers have." At another time she compared it to "the look on the face of a puzzled child."

Of a sunset, with its shifting modulations and rich cadences, she said: "It is nearer to music than all the songs of birds." And again: "The wonderful silence of it! Men would have set the pageant moving to drums and trumpets."

Of the sea at dusk before moonrise: "It waits; it is hardly alive; it is like a great stagnant marsh."

Sometimes she hinted at deeper matters: "Whatever their destination may be, the ships are always steering for the horizon. None has ever reached it."

Her touch was light enough when she spoke of the evening and morning twilights, which echo each other with a difference, as "the stock rhymes, the *love* and *dove* of Nature's poem."

And her feet wrote lyrics on the path, and her words and looks and laughter made a lovely mingled music. There were little habitual gestures, unnoted at first, but indelibly fixed by recurrence—a lift of the chin that signalled coming speech, a play of fingers searching between throat and bosom in moments of uncertainty, and at times of seated reflection, a flower-like poise of head on leaning body, wrists crossed upon the knee, and hands lying half open with the palms upwards, as a baby's

lie. But she was reticent of gesture. Eyes laughed oftener than lips; never the lips without the eyes. The lips spoke frankly, the eyes were frankly accorded; and every frank word and glance was a barrier against presumption. His privilege was of the rarest and sweetest; he was ever on his guard against abusing it.

Her reserve once set aside, she astonished by her simplicity of character one who had been prepared for more wonders and mysteries. There were no contradictions in her, saving that strange essential contradiction of flesh and spirit which she had revealed one memorable night. Under its mask of ice beat a tender womanly heart: candid, sympathetic, sentimental even. Heroism thrilled her; once a tale of suffering brought unaffected tears. The capacity for loving deeply was hers, he guessed; passion would go hand in hand with affection; she could trust and be trusted implicitly; once she gave herself, it would be without reservation or after-thought. Meanwhile she waited on her mountain height; the compelling summons to the valley had not yet reached her ears.

At times she spoke of Forester; she was always ready to hear him spoken of. For his genius—she used the word—she felt something like reverence; and the feeling tinged her regard for the man. When she wondered why he avoided her—for she could not but notice it—no wounded vanity was shown by her in whom it would have been almost excusable. “Does he dislike me?” she asked once, simply and humbly. She set him above herself, as women are apt to set what they fail to understand. The merest suspicion of the true reason of his conduct never entered her thoughts; though the love of her dreams stood beside her, its living, waking aspect was too unfamiliar for her to recognise it.

Maurice found himself an object of heightened interest to the colony. Mrs. Wilmington, like the resourceful general she was, quickly and entirely abandoned her projected manoeuvres on Forester's behalf, and gave Maurice to understand, by many subtle ways, that he might count on the support of all her battalions. He was somewhat amused, and considerably disgusted withal, when Ethel Ralston, who had practically ignored him at first, now made a determined attempt to draw him into a flirtation. Guessing why, he had the shallow measure of her character. It helped him to understand Cynthia's power when he found no jealousy or bad blood among the men. After a kindly warning or two, and a show of utter incredulity at his laughing denials, they stood aside and looked on, their envy tempered with prescient sympathy. It was only a matter of time; sooner or later they were prepared to admit him into the circle of rejected initiates.

Other eyes were upon him. One day, as he leaned over the side of a boat and watched the sea, a well-known voice sounded suddenly in his ear:

“When a young chap set up to do nothing in p'tickler, 'tis best fur 'm to fit and choose a

place where there edn' no maids around, if such a place there be in this world av sorrow. Else he's apt to be doing something most p'ticklerly p'tickler before long.”

Maurice turned and met Sampy's twinkling eyes.

“I took a fancy to 'ee from the first,” continued Sampy, “ever since I see you and the dinky bag and the vicycle all alone and homeless, like, up to station, and you looking that wisht. ‘That's a chap want looking after,’ said I. And you'll mind I spoke some words worth listening to, then and since. There was words about moonlight, and words about cheese; worth listening to, they were; owld Solomon in all his glory never spoke truer words. I wouldn't set myself up agin owld Solomon, though I will say this, that to larn a man wisdom one wife's plenty, and three hundred is a bit shuperfluous, as you may say. But we'm blind mortals, as I'm always a-saying; and I shouldn't wonder but the blindest av all mightn' be the owld man giving advice to the young man and expecting av 'm to follow en. No offence I hope, young chap?”

“None at all,” said Maurice, laughing. “And I assure you I've no intention of neglecting your excellent advice.”

“Ah!” said Sampy, and looked at him narrowly. “Ah! Well, shpeaking in a general way, like, and no respect for persons, what I say is, conseder the heathen Turks. I've said that before, and I'll tell 'ee where. You wouldn't think it to look upon him, but Sampy's one av the rulers av this land, and have ben these six months, ever since they put him on the parish council up to church-town. First they tried owld Gartrell, the builder, but he was all for drains and nothing else; us didn't want none o' that nonsense, so we turned en out quick. Then 'twas Rundle, the carpenter, and first thing we knowed, we'd got a stately wooden pump in our midst which we hadn't looked for and didn't want, and had to pay for all the same. So next election somebody up and say: *Drains we don't want; pumps we don't want; what we want is sense. Better fit we elect Owld Philosophy*—maning Sampy. And so they did. First meeting, up I get—being there, thought I might as well say something. ‘Mr. Chairman,’ says I, ‘do I ondershtand that we'm met here to-night to conspire for the good av the parish?’ ‘That is so, sir,’ says chairman. ‘Sir to you,’ says I, ‘and might I ask 'ee to conseder the heathen Turks?’ ‘How?’ says he. ‘This way,’ says I. ‘There's hard words said agin the heathen Turks, but they've got sense after that, and Christians shouldn't be too proud to larn a lesson from them.’ ‘How?’ says he agin. ‘In the matter av womenfolk,’ said I. ‘Conseder Tregurda,’ says I, ‘and conseder Constantinople. Here's Tregurda—women prowling up and down all day, eyes a-roving and tongues a-chattering, till there's no safety for young chaps and no peace for owld. There's Constantinople—women safe in chamber and door shut home, or if they'm left

to go out, they'm all hooded up, and no more harm in 'em than there is in a pillow-case. Now Mr. Chairman,' said I, 'how couldn' us cast an eye on the heathen Turks, and fit and concoct a little dinky regulation, like, for no woman to set foot in the streets without she've got a clout tied round her face, to keep she shan't do no damage to the community?' So chairman, he laugh—'twas the owd parson, and he's a good one—he laugh and say—'I'm very much afraid 'twould be exceeding our powers,' says he. 'I doubt,' says he, 'if Parliament itself

could do it, leave alone our little assembly.' 'More's the pity,' said I, and sot down. But there's sense in the heathen Turk, after that: and if I was a young chap with nothing p'tickler to do, I'd pack up, bag and vicycle, and off to Constantinople before come to harm."

Maurice laughed again.

"Tregurda's a pleasant place," he said. "I think I'll stay here a little longer."

Sampy shook his head sorrowfully.

"We'm blind mortals," he said, and shuffled off.

OUR ENGLISH NAMES.

BY MARGARET M. VERNEY, AUTHOR OF "THE VERNEY MEMOIRS."

"WHAT'S your name, little one?" says the philosopher in "Sylvie and Bruno," when he meets the Elf-child; "and, by the way," he reflects, "why is it we always begin by asking little children their names? Is it because we fancy a name will help to make them a little bigger? You never thought of asking a real large man his name, now, did you?" And yet the "real large man" himself is not properly a person to us at all, only a bit of the general furniture of the world, until we know his name.

And so much *is* the name, the man, that it suffices to turn two utter strangers into acquaintances, and perhaps friends, that a person knowing both should pronounce their bare names the one to the other. This simple form of introduction marks the fact that a name is no mere outside label, but is inextricably mixed up with the person. As we say a beloved name, the face, the voice, the little tricks of manner, all that makes up the dear image of the person we love, is instantly present with us. Names have a long past, and especially English names, for as our language is made up from so many sources, so all ages and countries have been put into requisition to enrich our stock of names. Primitive names often describe compactly and picturesquely a man's character and surroundings. The Indians of the North American forests called their chiefs Fleet-foot, Hawk's Eye, Bear of the Mountains, King of the Ravens, the Great Grey Eagle, Son of the Evening Star; a timid or stupid man they would call Face in a Mist; a passionate man the Storm-fool. It is difficult to imagine a girl's name with purer and brighter associations than that of "Laughing Water," Minnehaha, the heroine of Longfellow's poem of "Hiawatha."

The names of the old nursery tales, that have been told to so many generations of children, are generally picture names. How much of grotesque terror Bluebeard owes to his name. "Little Red Riding Hood" brings the child vividly before us, with the appropriate back-

ground of the cold countries in which wolves are wont to prowl; and it is a fair-haired northern maiden, Silverlocks, who invades the house of the Three Bears. The title Cinderella—"The Ash Maiden," as she is called in Germany—sums up the story in a word of the good little girl left to do the scullery work, while her selfish sisters drive off to the ball. Such titles do not, however, admit us to the full intimacy of a proper name. In the old ballads of "The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green," or the "Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," the maiden might be so described by any man who passed her in the street; while in "Tom Thumb," "Jack-of-the-Beanstalk," and "Sally in our Alley," proper names are beginning to take a place in the descriptive phrase. Bunyan, whose genius has something eminently childlike in it, which appeals to the child-hearts of all time, owes much of his popularity to his names. How few of the historical sites of the world have become as familiar household words as the town of Vanity Fair, the City of Destruction, and the Slough of Despond; and how well we are acquainted with Mr. Worldly Wiseman, Sir Having-Greedy, Mr. Anything, Mr. Two-tongues, and Mr. Facing-both-ways, in their nineteenth-century counterparts. The kind shepherds, Knowledge and Experience, are still our best friends. Mrs. Light-mind, Mrs. Know-nothing, Madam Bubble, and Mrs. Bat's Eyes are not altogether extinct types even in this age of education; and happy indeed is the neighbourhood that knows nothing of the young woman whose name is Dull.

Children of all ages continue to invent these picture-names. We remember the little girl in Mrs. Ewing's story who called the old lady she loved and watched from her nursery window—"Mrs. Over-the-way." Mrs. Gatty has a delightful name for a penurious spinster lady, utterly submerged in household economies, in "Miss Dodge-the-maids." The sobriquets Mrs. Ewing won for herself as a girl, "Madam Liberality" and Miss "Juliana Allalive," are equally expressive. Among our childish recol-

lections I remember vividly a stout old General who had led the Scots Greys at Waterloo, known to us only as "Uncle Pinchlegs," because of his objectionable mode of poking fun at us, when we came down before dinner in short white frocks and our best company manners to see our father's guests.

If we turn from such primitive attempts at nomenclature common to children and savages, to English names derived from the great civilised races of antiquity, we can only glean a few ears in so vast a field.¹

From the Greeks we get many beautiful names: Stephen, a crown; Basil, kingly; Nicholas, victory of the people; Katherine, purity; Sophia, wisdom; Agatha, goodness; Alethea, truth; Dorothea or Theodora, gift of God; Margaret, a pearl.

Helen, a name made up of sunshine, has assumed as many colours as the rays of light in the rainbow, and has a strangely chequered story. Helen, the heroine of the first great epic poem, is a silent and tragic figure in Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women."

"I had great beauty; ask thou not my name,
No one can be more wise than destiny.
Many drew swords and died. Where'er I came
I brought calamity."

In sharpest contrast with Helen of Troy comes Helena, the sainted mother of Constantine, whose name, a prime favourite in the Eastern Church, has spread all over Europe. Our first Queen Eleanor, the "she-wolf of France," brought the name into ill repute in England. "Those dragon eyes of anger'd Eleanor" were enough to warn off all maidens from the name. Yet two generations later all its associations were reversed when it was borne by the good Queen, wife of Edward I,

"Who, kneeling with one arm about her King,
Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath,"

and was honoured from one end of England to the other by the crosses her sorrowing husband put up from Grantham to Westminster to Eleanor's pious memory. This sunny name has reigned in England as Ellen, Elaine, Eleanor, Elinor, Leonora, and Alianora, with the lovable abbreviations of Nelly and little Nell; in Scotland as Helen; in Wales Ellin; in Ireland Eileen; in France, Germany, and Italy, with slight variants; in Spain as Helena and Leon; in Hungary as Elenka; and in the far north Sweden has a twelfth-century Helene, a saint and martyr of her own.

The Romans had very little sentiment about names. They had titles common to clans or families, and the women's names were not distinctive, but simply the feminine form of the man's. This led sometimes to very odd results. It might be quite proper to call a great burly warrior Julius, "the downy-bearded," but Julia, a lady with a downy

beard, is so quaint a name, it would hardly be given were its meaning realised. Roman children were often distinguished merely by numbers, as we learn from Professor Tylor is the case to this day with the natives of "the great Malay-Polynesian-Australian district." The name Octavius or Octavia, given to an eighth child, is a relic of this old custom. One of the prettiest names that have come down to us from the Romans is Emilia or Emily, with the noble meaning of "a worker," a fit companion for the Greek Penelope, "a weaver."

We owe so much to Hebrew sacred literature, it seems natural that Englishmen who have so long been lovers of the Bible should choose names from the Old Testament; but there are fashions in names as in other things, and in England Old Testament names, with some notable exceptions, belong to the Puritan régime or the Methodist revival. Cowley the poet and President Lincoln are among the few distinguished men of our race that have borne the name of Abraham. But although the patriarch himself remains a Jew, his wife Sarah is thoroughly domesticated amongst us, and specially in her British working dress of Sally. In my mother's family seven Sarahs bore the name in succession, transmitted from mother to daughter.

In the preceding generation a sweet Lady Sarah Lindsay had helped to make the name a popular one. She was a pretty, charming girl at the Court of George III. The King, when little more than a boy, fell in love with her, and was determined to make her his wife. Her name, meaning a princess, might well seem of good omen. Lady Sarah refused him at first, but later made up her mind that she would accept him when he asked her again, being touched by the affectionate anxiety King George manifested when she had a slight attack of illness; but the break in their relations which her illness involved changed the current of both their lives. The King listened to the advice of his mother and his ministers, and though he greeted Lady Sarah very cordially on her return to Court, he paid her the rather cruel compliment of appointing her a bridesmaid to the royal bride who had meanwhile been found for him, the fat, plain, and excellent German princess, Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. The bridesmaid also made a happy marriage, and was the mother of Sir William Napier and his brothers. Her very distinguished sons were devoted to Lady Sarah, who retained her beauty to the last, while of good Queen Charlotte her friends could only say in old age that the first bloom of her ugliness was going off; but this made no difference in the love and esteem with which the good homely Queen was regarded.

Isaac has risen to the highest pinnacle of our respect with Sir Isaac Newton; has won a warm corner in our hearts with Isaac Watts and Isaac Walton; and a foremost place in the hurry and feverish competition of

¹ See Miss Yonge's "History of Christian Names."

modern life with Sir Isaac Pitman. Rachel wears a halo of love and self-devotion since it was borne by "the sweet saint who sat by Russell's side"; while Rebecca as "Becky Sharp" has been given by Thackeray a dreadful immortality. Deborah, meaning a "bee," with a pleasant suggestion of the hum of a spinning-wheel, and all sorts of domestic industries, is not often heard now; but those of us who love Cranford remember Miss Deborah Jenkins, Miss Mattie's elder sister, who found in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary all the light reading she required, and practised the austerer virtues in a manner befitting the Deborah of old, judging Israel under her palm-tree. Ruth, in the Hebrew "beauty" (and by a coincidence of sound our old English word for mercy), with its happy associations of filial love, is returning into favour. Samuel has a wide range from Dr. Johnson to Sam Weller. With Benjamin as our late Prime Minister, with Sir Michael at the Treasury, Sir Matthew at the Home Office, and Joseph Arch to bring up the rear, we cannot say that Old Testament names are outside of our English public life of to-day.

When we reach Christian times, there is one name pre-eminent over all others, that of the sweet Virgin Mother of Christ. Mary to our ears has long lost its sad Hebrew meaning of bitterness, and has become the most familiar and beloved name in all parts of the Christian world, and under a great variety of forms. Only second to Mary in popularity has been the name of the beloved disciple John. These two names have been beyond the reach of chance and change; but in the middle ages, when the Bible was little accessible to the laity, and devout life was chiefly maintained by the traditions attached to local shrines, and the legendary lives of the saints, a fresh set of names came into favour, principally in Greek and Latin forms. Amongst these are Christopher, "Christ-bearer"; Agnes, purity, with the secondary meaning of a lamb; Lucy, light; and some names which would never have been chosen but that the legends connected with the saints who bore them had obliterated their earlier meanings. Such is Barbara, a barbarian, a stranger, and therefore in the eyes of the Romans a rough or barbarous person; Cecilia, originally a blind-worm; and Ursula, which simply means a little bear.

The names of qualities, as Faith, Hope, Patience, Grace, Mercy, Charity, much in vogue under the Commonwealth, are beautiful names in their way; perhaps excepting Prudence, which is not the cardinal virtue one should chiefly like to be distinguished by. We knew a girl once called Prudence Penny, and this thrifty unsympathetic name seemed to have a blighting effect upon her character.

The Stuart names Charles and James came into special favour at the Restoration, with Henrietta, abridged into Harriet and Hetty, which Charles's Queen had brought to us from France; Henrietta being, of course, the

diminutive form of her father's name, the good King Henry. The popularity of the Pretender, and the Jacobite songs that idealised the name of bonny Charlie, naturally made the rival name of George an odious one; but by the end of the next century the failure of the Stuarts and the popularity of George III had given to Englishmen across the Atlantic the name of "King George's men"; and in the Chinook dialect of the North American Indians the only term for an Englishman is still "King George-man."

We accept collectively the name of John Bull; but while in France the man in the street is "Jean Bonhomme," with us he is "Tom, Dick, or Harry." The popularity of Tom in England has an interesting origin. It is not derived from the doubting Apostle (nor from the long-forgotten meaning of the name, which signifies "a twin"), but from Thomas à Becket, the Archbishop whose brutal murder in Canterbury Cathedral at once raised him to the highest pitch of national favour as a patron saint. Tom shares with Jack the honour of being the most popular English name. Tommy Atkins, or merely Tommy, has come to denote a private soldier, just as Jack or Jack Tar describes a bluejacket. "Tom Brown's School-days," the standard history of an English boy, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and "Tom Bowling" are amongst the many heroes of the name; but it is remarkable as keeping up its association, that though Englishmen of all degrees, from the highest to the lowest, have borne the name of Thomas, yet we have never had an English king of that name.

Richard has a very strong meaning, and is the Saxon title of a stern king and a firm ruler. In Richard I the name began upon a glorious career, for no king was more beloved than the brave, genial, careless-hearted Crusader, who won his title of the Lion-heart at the expense of neglecting all his business at home; but the second Richard proved so weak and unfortunate, and the third so cruel a monarch, that the name has slipped down from the throne, though Richard, with its happy nickname Dick, still holds its ground in English homes, gentle and simple.

Harry has been one of the most popular of English names, whether for king or commoner. Its original meaning is "home rule," a man who can rule in his own house. At Claydon it will always be connected with the figure of Sir Harry Verney, who had so much in common with the chivalrous knights of old. Those who had the happiness of knowing him will not easily forget that association with the name. As English kings our Henries have been for the most part prosperous. The fifth Henry, as Shakespeare has drawn him for us, is one of the ideal figures of English history, and we have again a whole sentence summed up in a name when, on the death of his father, the young king tells his brothers that it is no Turkish despot who is ascending the throne, but the free ruler of a free people—"Not

Amurath an Amurath succeeds, but Harry, Harry." So much for Tom, Dick, and Harry. Hodge, which belongs so naturally to the ploughman of a deep clay soil, was originally "a spear of fame"; thus far has the mighty fallen.

By the side of the names with long historic pedigrees are a set of simple flower names which need no explanation, and carry their own welcome with them. The sweetest of these are perhaps Violet and Rose, "a Rose amongst the roses," as Tennyson paints the Gardener's daughter; Lily Eglantine, Hyacinth, Ivy, and Laura (from a laurel crown) belong to this category.

It would be an interesting study to compare the parish registers in various parts of England, and watch the rise and fall of names, and the local influences that have modified the deeper currents of national and religious taste. In the parish of East Claydon, in North Bucks, the variety of village names in the seventeenth century is quite remarkable. While Puritan influences may be traced in Noah, Ezra, Jonas, Josias, Judith, Deborah, Lydia, Susannah, and the like, the older names have kept their ground, and Christopher, Michael, Benedict, Agnes, Audrey, Christian (as a girl's name), Constance, Dorothy, Elinor, Ursula, Priscilla, and Petronilla are amongst the names of the village children. The Welsh element, represented by Ellis, Hugh, Pierce, and Winifred, may perhaps be traced to the vicar's household, whose signature, Maurice Gryffyth, leaves no doubt as to his own nationality.¹ In the registers of Middle Claydon for the same date there is no such variety; half a dozen of the most ordinary English names, with the addition of Ralph and Edmund, the recurring names in the Squire's family, sufficed for all the children of the parish.

In early times a single Christian name was held to be enough for any child, but the beginning of the Victorian era was marked by an accumulation of names, showered first in the greatest profusion upon the Royal babies. An anecdote some fifty years old bears the mark of its date: A benighted traveller succeeded, after protracted exertions, in waking the owner of a wayside inn, who poked his head out of an upper window, and, hearing that a traveller needed a lodging, asked his name. "John Alexander Cæsar Augustus Henry Mark Anthony Barnes," shouted the man from below; but, hastily asserting that he had only room for one guest, mine host shut to the window, nor could he be induced to listen to any further explanation. A well-known musical catch is directed at the same fashionable folly: "Aldiborontiphoscophornio, where left you Chrononhotonthologos?"

The double names common at this time, like Ann-Eliza, Anna-Maria, and Mary-Anne, spoil two good things.

The return to nature, which marked the

Lake School of poets, banished Chloe and Belinda, Pamela and Clarissa, from literature, and brought us back the fine old Teutonic and Celtic names. Charles Lamb, no mean authority, considered that after Mary, the most beautiful name in English was Saxon Edith. Tennyson did much to popularise the British names connected with the Arthurian legend; the Oxford movement brought the old saints' names once more into favour; and the quickened feeling of nationality has given us back many forgotten names in Welsh and Irish.

Never has there been a wider choice of names than in our England of to-day. In the absence of family tradition there still remains the question of suitability, which bears so great a part in all kinds of beauty.

A few good, honest, well-tried names are suitable for everybody everywhere—such as William, John, and Harry. Elizabeth is fair enough for the sweet Saint of Hungary, and dignified enough for "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," but the name is one of Nature's gentlewomen, and fears no hard work or menial drudgery.

Such names as Anne and Victoria cannot stand so severe a test, for opposite reasons. Anne scarcely fills a throne, and had to be amplified into "Great Anna" by the Court poets. Victoria so urgently requires a crown and sceptre, that the name is incongruous behind the counter, and ridiculous at the wash-tub.

The fascinating subject of the exaltation and the degradation of names would lead us far: an instance or two must suffice. Judas and Cain have sunk for ever under a load of infamy. Amongst names derived from gems, none started with fairer auspices than Sapphira. Akin to the deep blue of Heaven, the Sapphire with the Emerald and Diamond made the second row of jewels on the High Priest's breast-plate, and was the second foundation of the New Jerusalem; yet all its holy associations were trampled in the dust by Sapphira's falsehood; and though in America, where no name is too queer, a poor little maid-of-all-work was lately called S'phiry Anne, the name is practically extinct.

A striking instance is the fall and rising again of the name of Jezebel. For centuries it lay where it had been flung to the dogs and trodden underfoot; then, in slightly altered form, it was borne by the heroic Queen who freed Spain from the Moors, and sent Columbus forth to win the New World; and from thenceforth Isabel (the oath of Baal) was redeemed from heathen darkness, and consecrated to the service of Christ.

We are but life-tenants of our names: let us see to it that when we lay them down they are not the worse for our use of them; but handed on, if it may be, with something of added brightness. For, after all, it is not a name that can recommend the wearer, but the wearer that must ennoble a name.

¹ "Verney Memoirs," iv. 3.

APOTHECARIES' HALL.



GATE OF CHELSEA PHYSIC GARDEN.

IN Water Lane, Blackfriars, behind Ludgate Hill railway station, is Apothecaries' Hall, a bit of old London which has been described by some as a chemist's shop and by others with more truth, but by no means the whole truth, as the headquarters of the general practitioner whom some call an apothecary without knowing why.

The vocation of an apothecary is an ancient one, though it has not always meant the same thing. Originally the *apothēke* was the place where stores were kept, especially wines, and the *apothecarius* was the man in charge of it. Being dry and airy it was well adapted for the storage of drugs, and, in time, the drugs drove out the wines to be looked after by the *cellarius*, and the *apothecarius* found enough to do as keeper of the drugs, and eventually came to compound and administer them.

The change was gradual, for medicine was at first a free trade. In Egypt and Babylon it seems to have been particularly free, for there, we are told, the sick man was brought out into the sunshine and the passers-by invited to look at him so that those who had suffered in a similar way might say what had cured them, and those who had not so suffered were nevertheless compelled to give an opinion in the hope that some lucky guess might put him on the road to recovery. A similar idea is prevalent at present with the people who are so ready with suggestions out of the depths of

their ignorance as to what their sick acquaintances should do; and it is astonishing what a number of men are still their own doctors, with fools for their patients.

The Early Apothecaries. The profession of physic was not regulated in a hurry. It used to be almost entirely in the hands of the Church and the Jews, the clergy having the bulk of the practice as curing both body and soul. But the Council of Tours decreed that the clergy should not shed blood, and therefore could not practise surgery, whereupon came a differentiation. The monks, being tonsured, required barbers to shave their heads for them, and the barber was generally the clerical surgeon's assistant. Henceforth the barbers took over the surgical part of the business, while their masters continued the practice of medicine and became the predecessors of the present physicians. It is this connection with the Church which explains the clause in the Act of 1511 that no one should practise as surgeon or physician in the City of London, or within seven miles of it, until he had been first examined, approved, and admitted by the Bishop of London or the Dean of St. Paul's.

The physician, cleric or layman, was, however, always more or less for the rich. At first he gathered and prepared his own drugs, but that he found to be unnecessary when there was an apothecary to provide them for him; and the apothecary being familiar with drugs and their properties began to use them and minister to the needs of the poor. This was the main trend of events, but there were many exceptions. Both of these medical practitioners were known as "leeches," and it would be hard to draw the line definitely between the apothecary and the physician of the middle ages, the terms being so often used indiscriminately. In occasional instances one seems to have been in as great esteem as the other; possibly a good apothecary was held to be better than a bad physician.

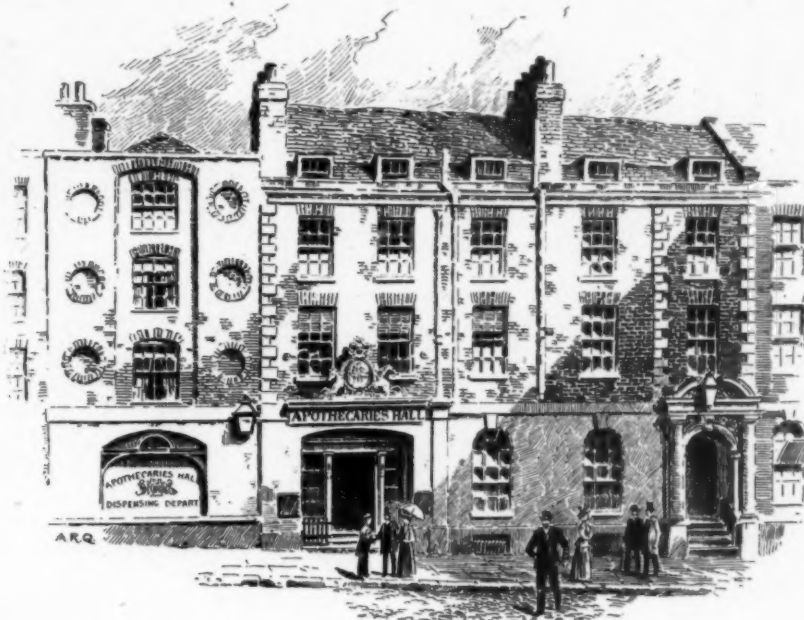
Anyhow, the apothecaries thrived. Ben Jonson calls Bucklersbury "Apothecaries' Street." It had many handsome shops, as shops then went, "replete with physic, drugs, and spicery," and when the plague swept over London it was left unscathed, as a sort of oasis in a desert of disease. But in a trade so flourishing as this its followers had necessarily risen from the retail to the wholesale, and this had brought them into association with the grocers, of whose company they for years formed part. The parting of the ways was eventually reached; the grocers wanted profit

to make their fortunes by, the apothecaries wanted purity to keep their reputation with.

Matters came to a crisis in the days of James I over some "defective apothecarie wares," supplied for the use of Prince Charles, and the King granted a separate charter with which the present "Society of Apothecaries" began. The grocers complained, not unnaturally, but James took up the cudgels against them. "Another grievance of mine," he wrote, "is that you have condemned the patents of the Apothecaries in London. I myself did devise that corporation and do allow it. The Grocers who complain of it are but merchants. The mystery of these Apothecaries is belonging to the Apothecaries,

voyage to be married. Delaune was the Society's greatest benefactor.

In 1582 there came to London, to the Walloon Church, William Delaune, a protestant pastor of Rheims, driven out of France for religion's sake. As an additional means of livelihood he began to practise medicine, and was promptly summoned by the College of Physicians on December 7 for doing so without a licence. His defence was unexpected. "For eight years," he said, "I studied medicine at Paris and Montpellier, and I am prepared to undergo at once any examination you may think fit." He was examined; immediately passed triumphantly; and was admitted, a licentiate of the Physicians fifteen days after



A SKETCH IN WATER LANE.

wherein the Grocers are unskilful, and therefore I think it fitting they should be a Corporation of themselves. They"—here his Majesty is rather involved in his composition, but the meaning is clear enough—"bring home rotten wares from the Indies, Persia, and Greece, and here, with their mixtures make waters and sell such as belong to the Apothecaries, and think no man must controul them because they are not Apothecaries." In short, the Grocers got a scolding, and the new Society a coat of arms—with the unicorns as supporters as a mark of the royal favour.

The charter was granted at the prayer of Dr. Mayerne and Dr. Aiken, the King's physicians, but joined with them were the apothecary to Prince Charles, the apothecary to James himself, and his special apothecary Gideon Delaune, who was apothecary to Anne of Denmark, and was, indeed, sent to accompany her across the North Sea, on her

he had been charged, the summons being withdrawn.

With him from Rheims he had brought his son Gideon, aged seventeen, who like his other son Paul he brought up in the ways of medicine. Paul became a fellow of the Physicians, and was one of the compilers of the first and second Pharmacopœias; Gideon devoted himself more to the drugs, and thence rose to eminence by the other road. His family history was not quite as usually given. He died "worth near as many thousand pounds as he had years," it is true, but his will shows that he was ninety-four years of age and not ninety-seven, that he had seventeen children, most of them stillborn, and not thirty-seven, and that he had not sixty grand-children but less than thirty, who all may or may not have attended his funeral.

He lived in Blackfriars, and this probably led to the hall being established in that neighbourhood. It stands on historic ground and backs

on to the "Times" office in Playhouse Yard, where the theatre stood to which Shakespeare came to act in 1586, from which in the following year he went with Burbage's company on tour to Stratford-on-Avon, and of which he in 1589 had worked his way up to become one of the proprietors.

The charter contained powers for the Society to acquire a hall on the site of Cobham House, which then belonged to Lady Howard of Effingham. These premises originally stretched down to the river, whence the name of Water Lane. Here the first hall was built, for let it be remembered there have been two halls, the one in which Pepys in January 1660

royal portraits and portraits of old masters—of the Society, that is—the latest of which, dating from 1737, is that of the giver of the handsome gilt chandelier that hangs from the centre of the ceiling.

The Court Room is about half as long and almost square. It is also panelled with oak, its most conspicuous feature being its white marble fireplace. The pictures here are in a better light, and among them is a portrait of James I, by Mytens. The parlour is not quite so wide, and contains in the wall-cases an elaborate collection of materia medica, the walls bearing a further array of oil paintings. The library, a narrow room forty feet long, more of a corridor



THE HALL.

attended the performance of "The Maid in the Mill" having been burnt down in the Great Fire.

The Hall. The existing buildings are not of much promise externally, but gain in importance when you enter the quadrangle. The Hall itself is a lofty, substantial room, nearly sixty feet long and almost half as wide, wainscoted in Irish oak to a height of some fifteen feet, with a richly carved oak screen at one end and an orchestra high up at the other. The gaudy banners give patches of colour against the dark woodwork. A white marble bust of Gideon Delaune occupies the post of honour, and around the walls are a few

than a room, has among other things the grant of arms made to the Society in 1617 by William Camden of the "Britannia," who was then Clarendieux King-at-Arms.

Among the thirty or more portraits the Society possesses, mostly of its masters, are some of men whose work is known far beyond these walls. Among them are George Mann Burrows, the physician; W. T. Brande, the chemist; Thomas Wheeler, the botanist; and N. B. Ward, who invented the Wardian cases for the care and carriage of plants—an apparently trifling discovery that proved of the utmost importance in acclimatisation, and consequently of great commercial value. It was due to his cases, as has been shown elsewhere in these

pages, that the tea-plants and quinine-trees were introduced into India and Ceylon, and that so many other successes have been obtained in the wider distribution of the earth's vegetable wealth.

And from what a small beginning it sprang! He lived, in Wellclose Square, near Ratcliff Highway—not a place where one would expect much gardening to go on, other than of the indoor kind. In 1829 he tried a little pupa-rearing, and put into some mould in a glass

Enough; if we were to say something about every eminent man who was an apothecary we should have time for nothing else. Let us descend the picturesque old staircase and leave the ancient for the modern. The place is much larger than would be supposed. The buildings altogether, including the Hall and offices and examination rooms, occupy three-quarters of an acre, a nice little plot in the thick of the city; and it is quite a hive of laboratories and factories.

As you enter the trading departments the



THE LIBRARY.

bottle covered with a lid the chrysalis of a moth, that he might make sure of the perfect insect. A speck or two of vegetation appeared on the mould. These proved to be a fern and a grass, which he carefully watched as they grew in the bottle. It occurred to him that they did so well in this strange environment because they had all they required—soil, air, light—and the outcome of this train of thought was the Wardian case, at first used for indoor gardening, and soon found to be of so much wider utility.

air is laden with odours of cascara and other things of evil memory. Mills like mortar mills, with grinding stones four or five feet in diameter, are rolling round the heavy circular trays, groaning and growling at their work in the same tone as the similar apparatus does in a builder's yard. Considering that the product is destined to be administered in drops and spoonfuls, there is much of the grotesque in the scale of operations. A row of stills, big, broad, and squat, looks like some queer cooking range;

vats, tanks, digesters, drums, jars, and carboys crowd the floor and skirt the walls, as if the concoctions were made to bathe in instead of to sip. The tincture room, the spirit room, the room for inflammables (which has a cistern for a roof that would deluge it instantly), every room has interest in it if time would permit us to linger over detail. On the upper floor is a laboratory in which samples of everything made on the premises are tested to make sure that it is of the official strength, for the goods all go out labelled with the "P.B. 1898," that signifies the latest edition of the British Pharmacopœia.

The Apothecaries have all along prepared drugs and guaranteed them to be pure. In Queen Anne's days the business received a great increase owing to her husband, Prince George of Denmark, then Lord High Admiral, requesting them to supply the drugs for the Navy. To provide for the increase a Navy Stock was created among the members, the corporate funds always having been of moderate amount. In 1823 this Navy Stock was amalgamated with a pre-existing Laboratory Stock to form the United Stock under which the trading was carried on until 1880, when the Society decided to work the business in the name of the Court of Assistants. Hence the pride of the Apothecaries that they are the only city corporation which has adhered to its charter. For two and a-half centuries they have carried on their trade, and their traffic extends to all parts of the world. As we pass through the packing



THE STAIRCASE.

department we find cases being filled for a dozen distant dependencies, and the doorway is choked with a consignment for Uganda.

The Apothecaries have, however, long been officially recognised as something more than

mere makers and purveyors of drugs. Their most notable rise in the social scale took place during the plague. "During this scourge," says Mr. Corfe, "a great majority of the regular physicians died, and many of the survivors fled into the country; thus the friends of the sick were forced to implore the aid of the apothecaries, who then left their counters and came for the first time to the bedside of the sick." But it was not until after the decision of the House of Lords, in the famous case of Mr. Rose in 1720, that they were legally recognised as medical practitioners.

As a city company they have always taken apprentices, and it is claimed that their apprentices have always had to pass examinations. Whatever the standard of those examinations may have been, there is no doubt of it now, when candidates are so numerous that there is an examination at the Hall every fortnight. In some respects they took the lead of the other medical examining bodies, with whose qualifications they now rank as equal in the service of the State. They were the first to institute examinations in obstetrics, and they were the only authority to give facilities for the study of practical botany until they threw open their physic garden on the Chelsea Embankment to the students of all the London medical schools.

The first botanic garden in England was Gerard's, in Holborn, which was established in the later years of the sixteenth century. Next came Tradescant's, in South Lambeth, started in 1630, which William Watson visited in 1749, when he found it much overgrown and out of repair, though it still contained two large arbutus-trees and a buckthorn 20 ft. high, with a trunk a foot in diameter—rather unusual for *Rhamnus catharticus*! The next botanic garden was the one at Westminster, mentioned by Evelyn, of which the Apothecaries bought the remainder of the lease in order to clear away the plants to the Chelsea garden, which seems to have been the fourth in order of date.

The Apothecaries were always great at botanical excursions, but their "herborisings," ending with eel-pies at Putney, have long since died out. No longer is it possible to find *Atropa belladonna* "in a ditch in Goswell Street, on the road to Islington," or *Fritillaria meleagris* and the water-soldier in Battersea fields. The enterprising builder has wiped out all that sort of thing within an easy radius. He is the most unbotanical of men. Even now he invariably begins operations by cutting down the trees and shrubs, and making his mortar-bed on the rarest plants the plot possesses.

The Apothecaries took the Chelsea ground in 1673 as the site of a house for their ornamental barge, and got a lease of it from Lord Cheyne for sixty-one years at £5 a year. Next year they built a wall round it, and towards this wall the laboratory stockholders gave £50 on condition that a piece of ground was reserved for

"growing herbs." In 1683 four of the original cedars of Lebanon which came to this country were planted in it. They were then three feet high; two of them were afterwards cut down and sold for timber—they fetched £29—one died, and the survivor still exists in advanced old age. In 1685 Evelyn went to see this garden, and there found "the tree bearing jesuit's bark which has done such wonders in quartan agues"—the first mention of a quinine tree growing in England.



STATUE OF SIR HANS SLOANE IN THE PHYSIC GARDEN AT CHELSEA.

In time the Cheyne properties, including the manor of Chelsea, were bought by that many-sided man, Sir Hans Sloane. He had married the daughter of a London alderman with plenty of money, and it was his two daughters who brought the wealth to the Stanley and Cadogan families who now hold it. Sloane was the best of friends to the Apothecaries; he gave them a re-lease of their ground for ever at a £5 rental, on condition that they presented every year to the Royal Society fifty well-cured specimens of plants until the number reached two thousand, the specimens presented each year to be specifically different from those of every former year. This condition has long since been fulfilled, the last obligatory lot having been handed over in 1774, though the custom was

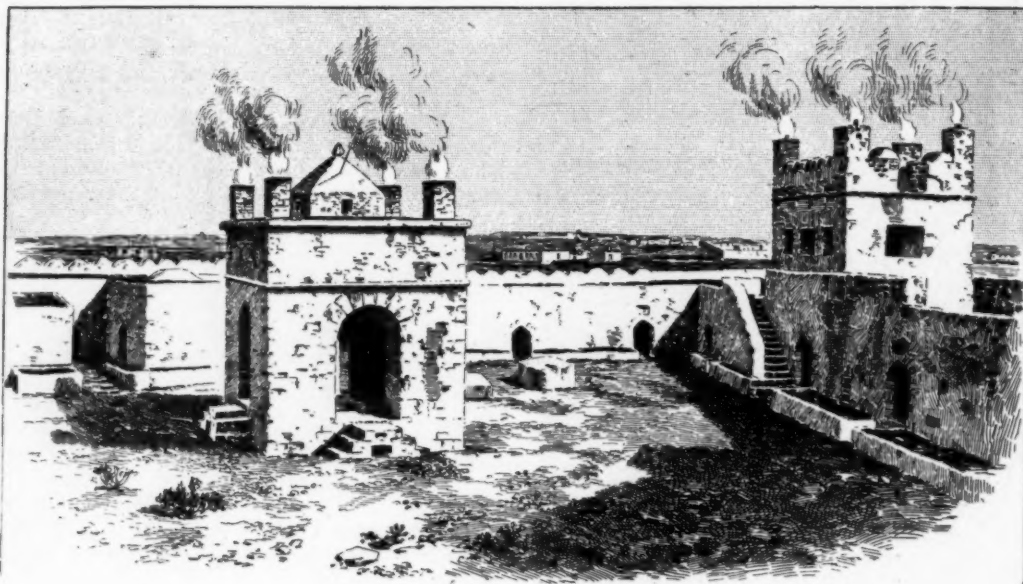
continued for some time afterwards. Had the toll of plants not been rendered, the ground was to become the property of the Royal Society, and on their failure to keep it up as a garden it would have gone to the College of Physicians. But neither the Royal Society nor the Physicians were called upon to interfere, nor indeed did they pay a halfpenny towards the garden's expenses, which in some of the struggling years of the Apothecaries they might very well have done.

It is a delightful old garden of some four acres, with a large collection of medicinal plants and a larger collection of labels, many of these being mere tombstones of the departed. Its walls are covered with climbers of great age, some of them with stems as thick as tree trunks. In the centre is a statue of Sir Hans Sloane, and near it is what remains of the rockery formed in 1772 of "forty tons of old stones from the Tower of London," flints, and chalk, and "some lava from a volcano in Iceland, presented by Joseph Banks, Esq.," who of course was the great Sir Joseph. Among other prominent features are good specimens of the tulip-tree, *Liriodendron*, and an exceptionally fine one of *Salisburia adiantifolia*, the maidenhair conifer, better known perhaps as the gingko. In the houses there are some good old things among many dilapidations.

What with the embankment and the tall houses the garden has been shut in of late years; it is not so easy to grow plants cheaply there as it used to be, and the expense has always been a drain on the small funds of the Society, which the officials did their best to minimise. Since botany dropped out of the medical course they had not thought it worth while to keep the place up to date, and it will obviously be the better for the thorough overhaul, which it is to get under its new management, for while this is passing through the press it is being transferred, under a scheme sanctioned by the Charity Commission, to the trustees of the London parochial charities, to be administered by a nominated board exclusively for the promotion of the study of botany. This happy arrangement, which will prevent its lapsing into a mere public recreation ground, will bring in the funds it so much needs. It is to be put into thorough repair. The buildings are to be adapted or new ones erected for the purposes of lectures and experimental teaching, and many things undertaken to revive, continue, and extend the good work done in the past by the old Physic Garden of the Apothecaries.

W. J. GORDON.

BAKU AND THE FIRE WORSHIPPERS.



THE SACRED INCLOSURE—THE SHRINE IN CENTRE.

BAKU is prettily situated on a curving bay of the tideless and intensely salt Caspian, while its population of 150,000 souls is scattered over three separate yet connected localities. First, there is the *historical* Baku, extremely old, and formerly very important. This is still surrounded by a portion of the old walls, within which one sees the ancient Palace of the Khans, now used as a magazine for Russian military stores, and also a Turkish, or rather an Armenian, bazaar, consisting, however, only of a single street. Large caravans of camels, donkeys, and oxen bring rice, raisins, hides, cotton, etc., from Persia, which are purchased here, either for the Moscow districts or for those of Batoum and Odessa. Encircling this old city is *modern* Baku, with well-built streets, lined with the dwellings and offices of its wealthy merchants; while the shops, furnished with everything to meet modern taste or need, are suggestive of Paris or of Brussels, rather than of a semi-Tatar town on the shores of the Caspian. This Baku has its tramcars, as well as countless droschkies. Its streets are lit at night with oil, of course, while its water supply is obtained from a peculiar source. The water in the bay, often offensively flavoured with naphtha, is pumped up and turned into steam. In this form it rises to a tower on the top of a little hill, where it is condensed, and is then ready for sale. As there is no pipe system for its distribution, porters or hamals carry this lukewarm water about the city in

skins, and thus the inhabitants are supplied. After all, this is perhaps the only available method for obtaining water, for the soil is everywhere strongly impregnated with salt, while there is no fresh water within a very long distance. One result of this is, that whenever a house takes fire it has simply to burn itself out, all the efforts being directed to pulling down the adjoining buildings. The *third* Baku is the northern suburb, and known locally as the Black City. This is the seat of the petroleum refineries, and by no means a pleasant place, even to visit. It is occupied chiefly by the refinery workers, nearly all of whom are Tatars; the employers, like most of the business men in Baku, being Germans or Russians. Over this suburb there hangs ever a dense black cloud, coming, apparently, from the very central fires of the earth, but which is only the smoke of the refineries.

These three localities make up Baku, a city important for its immense petroleum exports, but doubly important to the Russian Government for political and strategical reasons. The Caspian is crossed in about fourteen or sixteen hours daily, if I remember aright, by a steam ferry connecting on the eastern side with the railway that passes through Turkestan and Bokhara, and goes straight on to the borders of Afghanistan. The line runs in a natural valley or depression that is well supplied with water, so that with the help of the oil fuel that comes from Baku, Russian military transport from the

Caucasus to the Far East is now an easy matter indeed. The route is a short one, perhaps the shortest possible to Northern India, but till lately English military men were not allowed to travel in this country nor over this eastern railway—if, indeed, the prohibition has been yet withdrawn. Baku Bay is sheltered from eastern storms by an island that lies a few miles out from the shore and right across its entrance, which, however, is still amply wide enough for its numerous vessels. Of the amount of shipping on the Caspian, few persons are aware. There are at present about two hundred steamers engaged in ordinary business. Of these the smaller ones have been built in Scotland, taken over to St. Petersburg, then sent through the canal down to the Volga, and so to the Caspian; while the larger ones have been built on the Caspian itself for the Russian Government, or for Russian firms, in ship-yards belonging to Dumbarton ship-builders, with Scotchmen in charge of all.

About seven or eight miles from Baku is the little collection of huts and offices called Balachany, a word which means the *Naphtha-place*, the country between the two places being a sandy, uncultivated plain. Near Balachany, which is connected with Baku by a railway, there are numerous reservoirs, veritable lakes of naphtha. Notice-boards warn visitors against smoking in such localities,

millions' worth of property. The little town itself consists of a few petty passages—one cannot call them streets—filled with filthy, greasy-looking shanties, and occupied by Tatar workmen, for whom, educationally and religiously, neither Greek priest nor Moslem mollah seems to care. In whatever direction one looks the view is speedily blocked by pumping towers, generally about a hundred feet in height, built of wood, and black as oil smoke can make them.

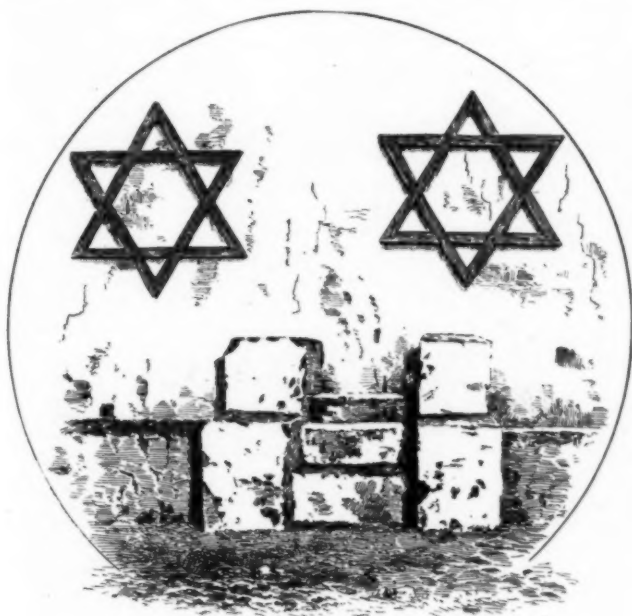
The nature of naphtha as a fire oil has been known as far back at least as the time of the Maccabees, for it is distinctly alluded to in 1 Macc. i. 19-23, but it was not until 1870 or 1875 that the refining was introduced. No one knows where the naphtha comes from, or where it goes to, but in Balachany it rises to the surface like the water of a spring. It is not so much an underground river as a fountain or geyser, whose stream spreads itself through the soil—here in a heavy rush, there in a petty streamlet. Here the flow is steady, there it is intermittent, at times even ceasing for hours. A number of these geysers are very irregular in their periods of discharge. Sometimes the pumps must be worked slowly, and at others as quickly as possible: sometimes the stream gives out altogether for several days, and then resumes without any premonitions.

The pumping process is very simple. A steel borer is put through the soil, which is first sandy and full of sea shells resting on blue clay, until "oil is struck." Then an iron tube of between twenty and thirty inches in diameter is let down into the oil, which by this time is often several feet in depth. The bottom of this tube is hinged: as it descends this is pressed upwards and the oil enters the tube. So soon as the tube reaches the bottom it is quickly drawn up again, the weight of the oil closing the hinge and keeping it shut fast.

Formerly the naphtha was found almost at the surface; but now, as there are nearly a thousand pumps working day and night, the shafts have to be deeper, though even yet the deepest well is only some five hundred feet below the surface. Singular to say, the quantity of oil yielded by particular wells seems to be in no way affected by the nearness of the pumps to one another. These are frequently not a hundred yards apart, and yet each "well" has its own general reputation as

to the amount it yields, a yield that is fairly constant.

Naphtha itself is a dark green, viscous fluid, of a consistency almost equal to that of treacle. At Balachany, it is stored in the reservoirs of which we have spoken, and when required is sent in iron pipes down to the refineries in the



BAKU, DIVAN AND TRIANGLE.

while the Tatar guards are authorised to shoot any suspicious-looking persons seen loitering in the neighbourhood of the naphtha. A match thrown into one of these reservoirs would lead to an explosion and a conflagration that would destroy in a moment hundreds, perhaps thousands of lives, and countless

Black City, where the distillation takes place. The fuel used is the crude oil itself, sprayed and carried by a jet of hot air into the interior of the furnace, where it is volatilised by the existing heat and burns as gas. By a somewhat similar arrangement, the crude oil is used for fuel on board the Caspian steamers, while in almost every house one finds it used for domestic purposes. After the naphtha has been distilled, it yields about twenty-five per cent. of petroleum. The remainder is then treated in a variety of ways, and reappears in commerce as vaseline, vinolia, machine oil, and even as chewing-gum.

From Balachany one drives over a barren, sunburnt plain of rocks and comminuted shells to Surachany, a word meaning "fires," from time immemorial the home and shrine of the early Zoroastrians,¹ the fire-worshipping ancestry of the modern Parsees. About forty years ago, the first oil refinery in the district was established here, and surrounded with very high walls to keep out the marauding Tatars. These works are now going to wreck, but just outside their gate is the sacred inclosure of the Fire-worshippers, situated on a slightly rising ground, and about half a mile away from the blue Caspian. The existing buildings are, of course, recent, but the site is historical. The inclosing wall is some twenty feet in height, having battlements along its edge. Inside this wall, and attached to it, are twenty-three cells, that vary in size, but that run between twelve and twenty feet square. Each cell has a number of recesses in its walls, that served for tables and shelves, while a built elevation at one end served as a divan or resting-place at night. Over the door of each cell is a stone tablet taken from some older structure, and

¹ Zoroaster is supposed to have lived about six or seven hundred years before Christ, his teachings furnishing several interesting parallelisms with those of the Christian Scriptures. According to Zoroaster there is in the universe a principle of good, represented by Ormuzd, and a principle of evil, represented by Ahriman; principles and beings that have existed from eternity, and been ever in active opposition to each other. Men having been made by Ormuzd belonged to him, but having been left free they have yielded to the evil and fallen into a sinful condition, so that since that sad occurrence the soul of man is the prize for which these antagonistic powers have mainly contended. As man is responsible for his actions, his future state will be fixed irrevocably by his life on earth; but as he is now feeble and ignorant, Ormuzd, in his desire to save him from being lost, sent Zoroaster, not as a law-giver, but simply as a prophet, a teacher of men, that these might come to know and be encouraged to do the will of Ormuzd more perfectly. A couple of miles from Urumi in Western Persia there are immense masses of ashes, said locally to be the remains of the birthplace of Zoroaster.

bearing an inscription in Persian, Armenian, or Syriac.

In the centre of the inclosure is the Shrine, a domed building, resting on four piers, out of the summit of each of which the sacred fire still flames unceasingly, year in and year out. Under the dome is a small open space, covered with a grating, up which also the fire frequently comes, and on which, some years ago, the body of a resident was cremated. On the northern side of the inclosure is the main entrance, a large gateway of handsome Persian work in marble, above which is a watch-tower, overlooking the whole district. At each corner of this watch-tower the everlasting fire still burns, night and day, the mystery of its nature and source being solved by the discovery of a series of iron pipes that were built in the walls, and thus concealed from view, so that what we call *natural gas*, resulting from the presence of the naphtha, was ever ascending, and formed the sacred fire of the Fire-worshippers. So abundant, indeed, is this natural gas, that it is dangerous to strike a match or to attempt to smoke. I watched some lime-burners breaking off pieces of the shelly rock, when they threw down on the mass a lighted match. In a moment there was a loud explosion, and the gas blazed up—a blaze that took many shovelfuls of earth thrown on it, before it was extinguished.

This inclosure, now unoccupied, but protected by the Government, was once the home of a considerable number of priests and monks.² About twenty or thirty years ago, however, one of the monks was killed by a Tatar. The monastery sought the punishment of the murderer, when its inmates were told by the Russian Government that, as they were hated by the Tatars, they had all better leave as soon as possible, or they also might be killed. The poor monks, therefore, the last European survivors of a pre-Christian religious community, went to Bombay, to find under a Protestant empire the safety and the religious liberty that were denied them under the Russian rule.

GEORGE D. MATHEWS, D.D.

² Zoroaster paid special attention to establishing centres for the Fire-worship, ten or a dozen of these being well known. Among these "Fires" there were three of distinctive prominence, corresponding to the three classes of priests, warriors, and workers. The Fire of the priests was called *Atur Farnbag*, the fire of the Glory Divine, and was one of the earliest and most sacred. This was established on the shore of the Caspian. (See Jackson's "Zoroaster," 1899.)

TO LAPLAND BY RAILWAY.

BY JAMES BAKER, AUTHOR OF "THE GLEAMING DAWN," "THE CARDINAL'S PAGE," ETC.



A LAPLAND RAILWAY STATION.

IT is now possible to get into the heart of Lapland by railway. Not that I recommend the attempt. It is a long three days' ride from Stockholm, and the route thither up the Gulf of Bothnia is far pleasanter travelling to those who like the sea; but the Swedish State Railway running now right up into the arctic circle, into the heart of Lapland, has opened up this country.

Shooting rapids and navigating rivers in Lapp boats, or tramping through forests swarming with mosquitoes, with reindeer to bear your impedimenta, are modes of transit not boisterously enjoyed by all; but the habits of the Lapps, and their hut and tent houses, can be studied now within sound of the railway whistle. As the mine-prospecting that is going on around Gellivara and farther north develops into mine-working, soon steam will penetrate still farther north.

The Lapps have a presentiment of this; they, like the American Indians, have been driven farther and farther north, and now a dread runs through all their tribes that they will be exterminated; they live in constant readiness for flight, and refuse to live on islands in dread of being cut off.

But at Advent they come down to the markets and sell their produce and buy their wants; and between Advent and February is the time to see them around Gellivara. Then about 800 Lapps with their deer are encamped round the little township, and they bring down specimens of the ore they have found in their

summer wanderings, and bargains are made with prospectors to guide them to the spot where these finds promise rich seams of mineral. Gold has not yet been discovered, but the Lapps have often thought they have found it when a glittering lump of copper ore has fallen into their hands. Gellivara is in the same latitude as Klondike, in fact within the arctic circle, and the conditions of life and the structure of the hills are very similar, and it is not at all improbable that gold may be found.

It is curious to see the hut of the nomadic Lapp within stone's throw almost of the hut of the miner; the latter is only a little more comfortable than the former, except that it has a chimney to let the smoke out of instead of a hole.

The Lapp huts or tents are generally about twelve feet across—not much room that for a man and his wife and children, and servants, and dogs, and visitors to find a place in; but everyone has his own special spot in which to sit or lie down in, and no one invades the other's territory. The same rule holds good in the hut of a Solomon Islander—a place is allotted to a visitor, and it is sacred to him.

A Lapp teaches one to rely solely upon the easily obtainable. As the Arab gets everything from the Nile, the Lapp gets everything from the reindeer, and perhaps one ought to add the birch-tree. Even the bones and sinews of the deer are used. You see a white mass of these latter hung in the trees and wonder what good they are; but they are chewed by the women until the threads are divided, and then drawn out, and

they make most excellent sewing material, especially for boots; a Lapp boot doubly sewn and knotted with this sinew is entirely impervious to wet. Alongside the sinews, perhaps, hangs a lump of dried reindeer flesh, that cuts into rosewood-like shavings, but has not at all a bad flavour.

The women-folk of the Lapps are by no means prepossessing. Their wrinkles are marvellous, deep seams run into their sallow tanned faces; but the young girls are often sprightly, and, in spite of the Mongolian flat visage, not without a pleasant air; and some of the sad, plaintive little songs they sing are quaintly melodious. The boys are imps in mischief and in appearance, as see the one holding the Reindeer horn in the illustration. That boy was pretty old, and as tall as probably he would ever be; all the Lapps are of diminutive stature.

The wondrous aptitude of these primitive people for making the best use of what is to them obtainable is very remarkable. Birch bark hardly sounds very useful, yet out of it they make shoes, tubs, baskets, plates—all sorts of things one would not expect to be made of the bark of trees. The miner is not so apt in thus turning natural objects into use; he has to buy goods for his use, and his timber huts, as our

strong Yankee twang, "Ask in English, then I'll tell you. You tried to talk Swedish and couldn't."

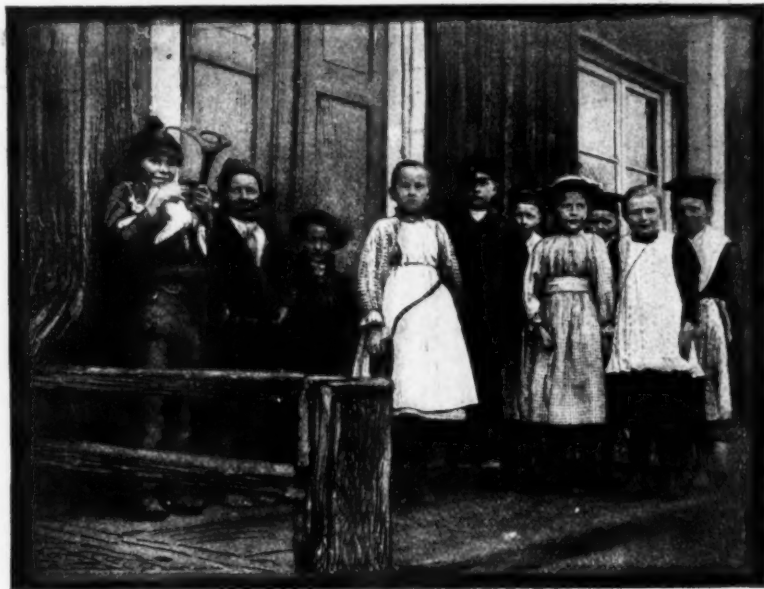
I owned to a poor pronunciation of that tongue, and said, "You learnt your English in America."

"Wall, I guess you larnt yourn in the same place."

Hardly true that, but I let him have his own way and got my directions.

A great deal of the mining here is above ground, the hills being almost pure ore, seventy per cent. of iron, and the mountains simply have to be sliced away. It is to discover such hills as this of copper, or silver, or iron, or perchance gold, that the prospectors take the services of the Lapps, live in their huts on the hardest fare, largely raw food, and endure a hard life amidst the perpetual snows of northern Lapland.

This mining is driving the Lapp farther north; the new towns object to the herds of deer coming down and eating their scanty crops of hay. Their chief food is the very pretty white reindeer moss that grows so luxuriantly in all the forests round under the dwarfed pines. They are also excessively fond of a peculiar beard-like growth that hangs from the pines, and that is called locally



SCHOOL-CHILDREN.

illustration will show, is not a great advance on the Lapp hut. This view of a street in Malmberg, the most northerly mining town in Lapland, shows well the mud swamp through which one has to wade. A pretty rough lot are the miners collected up in this Polar district, speaking all tongues.

I asked the way of one gentleman in a coloured shirt and broad felt hat and jack-boots, that were ankle-deep in the mud, and he stared at me, and then blurted out with a

Reindeer lava; but they by no means despise a good feed of hay.

There is a great vastness about the scenery in these districts, a solemn, weird immensity of stretching dark forests, wide rivers and mountain lakes, that is full of sombre gloom when the sky is overcast; but the rivers are well worth descending, as you get down beyond the Lapp boundaries, amidst the hustling and bumping of the pine logs.

As the mouths of the rivers are approached,

timber settlements, half hid in great stacks of hewn and sawn timber, come in sight, ships and steamers are seen loading the yellow freight, and at Luleå the minerals are also being loaded from a powerful lift that will take up 250 tons at a time. And Luleå is a good port whence

and you can study the lumber-men and the miners travelling steerage down to the more southern climes. The three days it takes you to get down to Stockholm are filled up by calls at timber ports, giving time for runs up some of the rivers.



A STREET IN MALMBERG.

to make your exit from Lapland, especially if you are fortunate enough to find a berth on the steamship *Luleå*. Her captain and officers speak English, and her quarters are very comfortable. You will get some curious feeding on board, interspersed with excellent living,

At Hernösand the journey can be broken if one likes by a run up the lovely Angerman-elf, the Swedish Danube, a glorious river. Altogether a run into Lapland by rail or boat gives many a new experience to the ordinary European traveller.

Summer.

OH! how soft the air
Of the Summer fair,
Laden with the hum of bees and scent of
flowers!
Oh! how fresh and sweet,
Ere the noon-day heat,
Are the early dews and gently falling showers!

Lovely is the morn
And the day new-born,
When the sun ariseth from his couch afar.
Calm and cool the night,
Bathed in silver light,
Of the tranquil moon and tender evening star.

None so gay as I,
Bird nor butterfly,
Hovering o'er each flower or deep in downy nest.
All in Heaven above,
And on Earth is love,
Love that holds all life within its sheltering breast.

Now the crimson rose
Doth her heart disclose
To the warm embrace of every burning ray.
Countless radiant things
On transparent wings
Flash and glow like gems all through the happy
day.

Hark! What thrilling strain
Steals again, again
On the entranced ear of slumber-loving eve?
Soon the clear notes cease,
All is wrapped in peace,
While the laughing hours their fragrant garlands
weave.

KATHERINE WILLS.

MRS. OLIPHANT.¹

WHEN Mrs. Oliphant passed away in the summer of 1897 all lovers of good literature felt that they had lost an old friend. There was no contemporary name more familiar to readers, few, if any, more beloved. The author of "Margaret Maitland" and of "Miss Majoribanks" was probably the most prolific novelist of the day; she was assuredly the most remarkable, considering the quality as well as quantity of her work. Other novelists, far inferior to Mrs. Oliphant in power and genius, gained a sudden notoriety and a pecuniary reward denied to her; but all critics, although they have the misfortune to be treated disrespectfully by the woman they admire, know that there is a "staying power" in her finest fictions denied to the popular novel of the hour.

It is impossible to say to what excellence the author of "The Beleaguered City" might have attained had circumstances allowed her to live for her genius, instead of for her family. That work, in conception and execution, had she written nothing else, places her in a high rank among imaginative writers, and she might reasonably conclude that with the freedom from anxiety which some great novelists possessed, she could have approached more nearly to their level. There is, as Kinglake truly said, a "powerful truth-seeing imagination" in her novels, and there is frequently, despite the haste with which she wrote, a charm of style which satisfies the most critical of readers, and as Kinglake, himself a master of style, writes, after reading the "Lover and his Lass," redoubled his enjoyment of some passages by reading them slowly.

Mrs. Oliphant was aware that she did not always reach her highest mark in this respect. "Don't frighten me, please, about 'Miss Majoribanks,'" she writes to Blackwood; "I will do the very best I can to content you, but you make me nervous when you talk about the first rank of novelists, etc.; nobody in the world cares whether I am in the first or sixth As for your courteous critic's remarks, I am quite conscious of the 'to be sures' and the 'naturallys,' but then a faultless style is like a faultless person, highly exasperating."

Mrs. Oliphant was far from being simply a writer of imaginative literature. She had read much; her knowledge, if not always accurate, was extensive, and she made free use of it. "I like biography," she says in one of her lively letters; "I have a great mind to set up that as my future trade. Do you know anybody that wants his or her life taken? Don't fail to recommend me if you do." What she achieved in this respect will not always satisfy the critical reader. It is to be feared she had seldom leisure enough for the careful study required; but her "Life of Edward Irving,"

her "Francis of Assisi," her "Memoirs of Montalembert," and her beautiful sketches of Dante and Savonarola in the "Makers of Florence," show that she possessed in no slight measure the instinct demanded of the biographer. Sometimes, but very rarely, failure must be written on her work. Her "Literary History of England in the End of the Eighteenth and Beginning of the Nineteenth Century" is not a book likely to be consulted by the student, and a "Child's History of Scotland" was an inexcusable blunder, since it ventured to cover ground made venerable for all time by Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather."

The inclination, however slight, to find fault with any work done by Mrs. Oliphant is lost upon reading the extraordinary story related in her "Autobiography and Letters." The volume is in one sense extremely painful, for sorrows came upon this noble-hearted woman "not in single file, but in battalions," but also it supplies a splendid record of unfaltering courage, of an heroic struggle in which success seemed impossible, of a hope and faith that, despite the thick darkness, saw the light beyond.

When Mrs. Browning left Italy for England with her manuscript of "Aurora Leigh," the box that contained the poem miscarried; but we are told that the poetess, who was taking her little son to be introduced for the first time to his English relations, was far more troubled about the loss of the child's pretty dresses than by the fear that her work had perished. The mother was stronger than the author, although that author was a poet, and it is this motherly feeling that sways Mrs. Oliphant at every step, and gives its pathos to her narrative.

Unlike most authors endowed with creative genius, while by no means unconscious of her power, she cared little for fame, and wondered whether if God were to try her with the loss of her gift, she should feel it much. "If I could live otherwise," she writes, "I do not think I should. If I could move about the house and serve my children with my own hands I know I should be happier. But this is vain talking; only I know very well that for years past neither praise nor blame has quickened my pulse ten beats that I am aware of"; and later on, returning to the same theme after the loss of her children, she observes: "At my most ambitious of times I would rather my children had remembered me as their mother than in any other way, and my friends as their friend. I never cared for anything else. And now that there are no children to whom to leave any memory, and the friends drop day by day, what is the reputation of a circulating library to me?" Mrs. Oliphant even doubts if there is any good done by such work as hers, beyond the good of having "kept the pot boiling, and

¹ The "Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant," arranged and edited by Mrs. Harry Coghill (W. Blackwood & Sons).

maintained the cheerful household fire so long"—words that must surely have been written in a despondent mood, since throughout her volumes there is ever a healthy invigorating tone, a love of all that is worth loving, the function possessed by all good works of fiction of appealing to the conscience, and the belief sometimes expressed strongly and always implied that

"God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world."

Literature was the business of Mrs. Oliphant's life, and it is to this that she owes the affection of countless readers who never saw her face, and an interest which is better and higher than the passing curiosity of the novel reader for an exciting or well-told story.

Her career as an author began early and hopefully, for she was but twenty-one on the publication of her first tale, "Margaret Maitland." In those days, like Jane Austen, she did her work in the family circle with her mother and brother for critics.

"They were part of me, and I of them, and we were all in it. . . . I had no table even to myself, much less a room to work in, but sat at the corner of the family table with my writing-book, with everything going on as if I had been making a shirt instead of writing a book." This lack of a study seems to have been the author's lot throughout, for she observes that all the seclusion she ever attained was a little second drawing-room, open apparently to all comers, and that she does not remember having had two hours undisturbed, except at night, during the whole of her literary career. At night, indeed, much of her writing was done, for she appears to have worked usually till 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. Four years after the discovery that she could write a successful tale, the connection with the Blackwood house began, and on the morning of her wedding day Mrs. Oliphant received proofs of the first tale published by that firm. The sorrows and struggles she was destined to face throughout her life began in early womanhood. Her mother, to whom she was devoted, died long before what is now regarded as old age; two infants died, and then her husband, who had been unsuccessful as an artist, lost his health and passed away at Rome, leaving three little children unprovided for, and his widow with a heavy debt. When a friend asked her how she was left, she answered cheerfully, "With my head and my hands to provide for my children." Mrs. Oliphant was only thirty-one when she left Rome for Scotland, feeling "unaccountably young," notwithstanding her widow's cap, which was left off a year or two afterwards for the curious reason that she found it too becoming! "That did not seem to me at all suitable for the spirit of my mourning; it certainly was, as my excellent London dress-maker made it for me, a very pretty headdress, and an expensive luxury withal." Mrs. Oliphant was blessed with a cheerful nature

and splendid health, and, with her children around her and well, would have found hard labour a delight. The hours free from anxiety were few and were perhaps all the more keenly enjoyed; but almost always the shadow of some uncertain evil came between her and the sunshine. It is this that makes the "Autobiography and Letters" such painful reading; but the book is not without cheerful glimpses, amusing incidents, and incisive judgments of books and men, and to these brighter pages one is glad to turn from the sadness, though that too has its mitigations, of the home life.

The novelist never appears to have mixed much in literary society, or to have cared for it. "Now and then," she writes, "I went to a luncheon party or an afternoon gathering, both of which things I detested. Curiously enough, being fond on the whole of my fellow-creatures, I always disliked paying visits, and felt myself a fish out of water when I was not in my own house—not to say that I was constantly wanted at home and proud to feel that I was so. The work answered very well for a pretence to get me off engagements, but I could always have managed the work if I had liked the pleasure or supposed pleasure."

On some of the literary celebrities she did meet she can be a little cruel and sarcastic. Thus we read how she and Miss Blackwood fooled Professor Aytoun to the top of his bent, until they got him between them "to the pitch of flattered fatuity which all women recognise," until he suddenly burst forth without warning and repeated a poem, "Miss Blackwood, ecstatic, keeping a sort of time with flourishes of her hand, and I, I am afraid, overwhelmed with secret laughter. I am not sure that he did not come to himself with a horrified sense of imbecility before he reached the end."

In her early days of fame Mrs. Oliphant, like most literary aspirants, received and accepted invitations to Mr. S. C. Hall's parties. "Mrs. Hall had retired upon the laurels got by one or two Irish novels. . . . I used to think and say that she looked at me inquisitively to know what kind of humbug I was, all being humbugs, but she was a kind woman all the same, and I never forgot the sheaf of white lilies she sent for my child's christening."

The "Autobiography" is for the most part singularly destitute of the kind of gossip we usually find in an author's recollections. In her estimate of her contemporaries, especially of female novelists, Mrs. Oliphant is sometimes more just than complimentary, but there are few traces of dissatisfaction because some writers with half her power—and, though by no means conceited, she knew what that power was—had the good luck to obtain double or treble her income for their work. "My fortune," she writes, "has never been very much—never anything like what many of my contemporaries attained; and yet I have done very well for a woman, and a friendless woman, with no one to make the best of me, and quite unable to do that for myself. I never could

fight for a higher price, or do anything but trust to the honour of those I had to deal with."

When Mrs. Oliphant engaged to write the "Life of Edward Irving," one of her first duties was to beard the Chelsea lion in his den. She was received with perfect courtesy, and with the apparently unsatisfactory statement that he could tell little himself, but that his wife could tell a great deal. A few days later Mrs. Carlyle called, and on taking her out for a drive in her little homely brougham, the two women—both being Scotchwomen, remember—became friends at first sight and talk.

"What warmed my heart to her was that she was in many things like my mother; not outwardly, for my mother was a fair, radiant woman, with a beautiful complexion, and Mrs. Carlyle was very dark . . . but in her wonderful talk, the power of narration, which I never heard equalled except in my mother, the flashes of keen wit and sarcasm, occasionally even a little sharpness, and always the modifying sense of humour under all. She told me that day, while we drove round and round the Park, the story of her childhood, and of her tutor, the big young Annandale student, who set her up on a table and taught her Latin, she six years old and he twenty ('perhaps the prettiest little fairy that ever was born,' her old husband said to me describing this same childhood in his deep broken-hearted voice the first time I saw him after she was gone). I felt a little as I had felt with my mother's stories, that I myself remembered the little girl seated on the table to be on his level repeating her Latin verbs to young Edward Irving, and all the wonderful life and hope that were about them—the childhood, and the youth, and aspirations never to be measured. We jogged along with the old horse in the old fly, and the steady old coachman going at his habitual jog, and we might have been going on so until now for anything either of us cared—she had so much to say, and I was so eager to hear."

Carlyle, who seems to have been uniformly kind, called her "worth whole cartloads of Mulochs and Brontës and things of that sort, and a clear, loyal, sympathetic female being."

After the publication of "Salem Chapel," and an evening spent in Cheyne Row, Mrs. Oliphant writes: "He has added to all his great qualities a crowning touch of genius—he likes my book! and has spoken of it in terms so entirely gratifying, that for the space of a night and day I was uplifted and lost my head. He was at home and alone with his clever and original wife, and I never was more delighted with any man." The delight was natural under such pleasant circumstances. "My dear," said the philosopher's wife on one occasion, "if Mr. Carlyle's digestion had been stronger there is no saying what he might have been"; but was it this weakness that led Mrs. Carlyle to give a friend the memorable advice never to marry a man of genius?

Very much less agreeable was Mrs. Oliphant's first interview with Tennyson, who exclaimed when she was saying adieu to his wife and thanking her for her kindness, "What liars you women are!" The poet was, as Mrs. Oliphant too leniently says, "most amusingly rude," but we have a pleasant glimpse of him later on, when he proved "delightfully kind," and "took the greatest trouble in making our little visit pleasant."

Mrs. Oliphant was a great traveller, and appears, like Trollope, whose work, by the way,

she greatly admired, to have worked steadily upon the road. Her home for many years was at Windsor, and there she had more than one audience of the Queen, who was "very sweet and friendly," and when one of the novelist's dearest friends, Principal Tulloch, died, wrote to his widow such a letter as "makes one love her." From a mention of the Queen to pass to the Prince of Wales is a natural transition, and Mrs. Oliphant relates the following story told to the man who told it to her by one of the guests.

"At a great dinner party lately the Prince of Wales took it into his head to inquire into people's incomes. He asked Sir Henry Thompson what a great doctor might make a year, who answered £15,000; then he asked (I think) Sir Henry James what a great barrister could do, who replied £20,000. Then the Prince turned to Millais and asked what a great painter could make; Millais said £25,000. The Prince took it as a joke, whereupon Millais explained. 'For the last ten years,' he said, 'I should have made £40,000 had not I given myself a holiday of four months in the year; what I did actually make was £30,000, so that I gave an estimate considerably under the fact.'"

"It will be a long time," Mrs. Oliphant adds, "before an author makes half so much, at least nowadays. George Eliot, I suppose, must have been almost the highest in our day." It is well, we may say in passing, that this should be the case. Both art and literature have suffered perceptibly of late years from being too much regarded as money-making professions, and novelists who reap most of the wealth that falls to authors, have been prone to think more of the pecuniary reward than of the reputation.

Mrs. Oliphant, in loyalty to the Blackwoods, laboured on to the last in writing the "Annals" of the house. "The thing I dread most in the world," she said, "is to live long," and she had her wish in dying before her intellect was weakened or her warmth of heart chilled. Rest came at last for the weary worker, and she accepted it with joy.

"Many times she said she was at perfect ease in body and mind. All care and worry seemed to leave her. She said she felt as if she were lying somewhere waiting to be lifted up; or again as if she were lying in the deep grass of some flowery meadow near the gate, waiting for our Lord to pass by. She said she could not think of God as the Almighty God of all the world, but just as her Father, and that at this moment even the thought of her children seemed to cease in the thought of Him."

Her little well-worn Bible, "best beloved of her books," lay on her bed, and when she could no longer write she dictated some hopeful words to the world she was leaving—words expressive of her faith that

"One God have we on whom to call,
One great bond from which none can fall;
Love below, which is life and breath,
And Love above which sustaineth all."

JOHN DENNIS.

BY FANCY LED.

BY LESLIE KEITH, AUTHOR OF "LISBETH," ETC.



DELIA RETURNS.

CHAPTER XIX.

DELIA paused for a moment on the top step before ringing the bell of the lodging-house in Bayswater. She turned her back on the shabby, sun-blistered door, and stood looking out over the square; nothing in the perspective was really changed, and yet it moved her in a new sort of way. Having been apart from it for a little, it seemed to her she saw her life under an acuter light, and that all its dissatisfactions came to the surface.

Yet for all that depression obscured her recognition of it at the moment, she knew herself to have come home richer than she went. Not the little salary alone that filled her purse repaid her; corrected impressions, juster judgments, a new respect for the possibilities of her womanhood, were hers. If she found a troop

of fears guarding her doorstep, a nameless oppression haunting her, she was braver than of old in bidding them defiance.

Even if the very worst befell, and Arthur ceased to love her—oh, the pain there was in the thought!—the future could never be again the blank, deadly, dreary existence she had pictured it before he entered her heart. Love was best, but love was not the whole of life.

With a resolute shouldering of her burden she turned and applied the knocker.

"I wonder if Uncle George will be glad to see me?" she said to herself, trying to think that he would, while she waited to be let in. It was a new girl who opened the door, and to Delia's amusement she seemed unwilling to admit her.

"Is it anyone you're wanting to see?" she asked.

"Why, I live here—with my uncle, Mr. Musgrove," said Delia, smiling. "I have been away some weeks. But, of course, you have not seen me before."

The girl stared at her oddly, without replying, but stood aside reluctantly, letting Delia enter the narrow hall. She put her bag on the table, and began to unbutton her waterproof, combating a return of her depression. There was nobody to greet her, or to say "How glad I am to welcome you back!" She had half hoped there might be a note from Arthur's mother awaiting her—or that, just possibly, Mrs. Shore might have come herself. The girl had gone away a few steps when some one called over the bannisters—

"Is that the traveller?"

The maid-servant turned; she looked at Delia queerly, with speculative eyes; she twisted her dirty apron nervously round her hands.

"That's Mrs. Musgrove," she said.

Delia smiled.

"My name is Musgrove," she said. "That lady is Miss Prance."

She ran upstairs lightly, a smile of amusement still upon her face.

"Here I am," she said, presenting herself in the doorway of the drawing-room, and holding out a frank hand. "I thought I would find out from you how Uncle George is before showing myself to him. That new girl didn't know me, and would scarcely let me in, and she made such a funny mistake—"

An indefinable something in Miss Prance's air and manner made her stop suddenly short. Surely she at least was changed? She wore her hair differently, and there was an uneasy smartness about her dress, as of Sunday garments worn on week days. And why did she look so red and embarrassed?

"She said," began Delia, and paused again.

"Yes?" questioned Miss Prance huskily.

"She spoke of you as Mrs. Musgrove."

"I—I asked her to—"

"You asked her?" Delia said, astonishment overmastering indignation.

"You see," began the other nervously, "I thought it would break it a little to you if she prepared you, like. But of course she did it clumsily. One should always do one's disagreeable work one's self. I see it now. I've never been what you might call shy, but—it wasn't to be expected you'd be pleased—"

"Do you mean," said Delia, growing white, "that it is—true?"

"You see it was in this way"—she bungled desperately over her explanation. With those clear indignant eyes searching hers, it was far more difficult than she had pictured it. "He seemed kind of lonely and lost when you went away, and—I suited him. I told you I was used to men; I know just what to do for them and when to leave them alone; half the unhappy marriages in the world come from a woman being blind to these two things."

"And so," said Delia, finding voice at last,

and speaking with cold disdain, "you made use of my absence to persuade my uncle to marry you?"

"Well," the bride admitted, wavering between cringing and defiance, "I won't say I didn't hint that it would be worth his while—you'll get nothing into his head that you don't put there yourself—but you needn't think he was reluctant, for he wasn't; he's sharp enough to know you'll never get anybody to wait on you hand and foot like a wife will, and he'd had time to find out that I could see to him and his little comforts, as it wasn't to be expected a young lady like you could be always doing. You ask him yourself, and see what he says."

"Oh," breathed Delia, with a sudden sense of defeat and humiliation, "what is the use?" This, then, was what the sacrifice of her young years had come to—all her patience, all her self-restraint. She was supplanted, deserted—her place taken by another, and such another!

"How could you!" she cried, resentment returning.

"I knew it wouldn't be nice hearing for you," said she who was once Miss Prance, all humbleness now, disarmed by the girl's distress, "or maybe I'd have had more courage to tell you. I'm not going to make out that I'm your equal, for I'm not, but perhaps on that account I'm a better companion for your uncle. I don't mind a rough word or a cold look; bless you, I'm used to masterful men."

Delia looked at her, a gleam of faint amusement crossing her distress.

"But do you expect to be happy?" she asked. "You know so little of each other."

"Oh, your uncle and me will get on well enough! I think—" she hesitated, "I kind of missed my father and brother, and there wasn't much sweetness about *them*. It's lonely, living by yourself. It's better to have somebody to do for, even if it's a husband as is a bit grumpy. You get never to notice it any more than you do the ticking of the clock. And I thought as you are going away to a happy home yourself, you would be glad to think there's me left behind to see to his little fads and fancies."

"I never meant to desert him," said Delia proudly. "He should have gone with me to my new home."

Mrs. Musgrove shook her head.

"A double-acted household, so to speak, never answers," she said, "and you are a young thing, and you oughtn't to start saddled with the care of an old man. I'm twice your age, and I'm not easy put out or hurt, and you'll believe me one day, though I dare say you can't just in a minute—your uncle's better with me. I've been lucky in my little business, though, of course, I've given it up now, and I've put by a tidy bit of money, and what I have he'll share, and without a grudge, too."

Delia turned away. She had no words at command to express her shrinking repugnance, her indignant sense of having been betrayed.

"I will see my uncle before I go."

"But why must you go?" said the other, starting forward, all frightened eagerness; "I'm sure I don't see why anything need be changed till you go away with your young husband. Your old room's ready, and a fire on to make it more cheerful-like. And I wouldn't be in your way, not except when you wanted me; and if there was me to see to Mr. Musgrove you would be free to go about as a young lady should."

"Thank you," said Delia more gently, relenting a little; "I believe you mean to be kind, but—I couldn't stay here—now—"

Her girlish dignified silence silenced the other's pleading.

The interloper had sufficient tact and taste to remain behind while Delia went downstairs alone to her uncle's room, her limbs trembling under her. She opened the door softly. It was almost a shock to see him seated there at his work as if nothing had happened, busy, absorbed, frowning as he peered short-sightedly at his papers spread before him, the same and yet different, with a more brushed and cared-for aspect. The room, too, was orderly and had some additional comforts, which her quick eye took in at a glance: the new Mrs. Musgrove had not boasted without cause that she could see to his well-being.

This conviction accentuated Delia's sense of defeat. Another had so quickly been able to accomplish what she in all the years of her life with him had never compassed.

"Uncle," she said, "I—I have come back, —but—you do not want me now?"

"Eh?" he said, looking up with the usual irritation at interruption. Then, as his short-sighted eyes recognised her, he wriggled uncomfortably on his seat, a faint dull red on his cheek. Perhaps in all his life he had never blushed before.

"You've seen her, I suppose?" he said testily, "and—you think you've been badly used."

"I think you might have prepared me."

"Well, well, don't make a scene; I can't be disturbed at my work. It's done, and there's nothing more to be said."

"If it is for your happiness," said Delia, with unsteady dignity.

"It is for my comfort," he said shortly; "you did your best, but you're young." Delia wondered when he had made that discovery. He had never before seemed to realise it. "I hear you have plans of your own—you would have been making changes—"

"I would have made none that left you out," she said gently; but already she saw his glance straying, his mind following it, his fingers fidgeting with the pen. He was beginning to think of her with the old impatience, as a hindrance to serious work.

She turned and went away sick at heart, her softly breathed good-bye unanswered.

"He never even asks where I am going or what is to become of me," she thought, as she ran upstairs to her room to pack her few possessions.

Her mood softened a little at the evidences of careful preparation the room evinced. The fire burning cheerfully made it look more home-like than ever before in her memory; there was a gay new chintz quilt on the bed, and flowers on the shabby little dressing-table.

"Poor woman!" said Delia, sitting down on the floor among the possessions she had flung out of drawers and cupboard—she pressed her hands to her aching eyes. "Have I any right to blame her? She will care for him more unselfishly than I."

It did not take her long to pack, and when she had locked her little box, and sent the maid to call a cab, she went once more to the drawing-room.

"I think you ought to know that I am going to Mrs. Shore," she said, "so that you need not feel uneasy about me."

"If you would only stop here—"

Delia shook her head.

"My home isn't here any longer. It is better that I should go. And I think—my uncle has told me," she made a great effort to be magnanimous, "that he feels more—settled—more—comfortable with you, so that I dare say it is for the best after all."

"I'm sure nobody could be more willing to slave after him"—the practical, cheerful Mrs. Musgrove showed a weak tendency to tears—"and if you'll come back and judge for yourself—"

"I will try to come and see you—some day—when I've had a little time to think. And—" she faltered, "if my uncle should ask about me—you will tell him that I am with the kindest friends, who will give me every care and comfort?"

Half an hour later she had poured all her story in Mrs. Shore's willing ear, and had been hugged and praised for her spirited behaviour in leaving Bayswater at once.

"I don't know," she said, with a half-hurt laugh, "I don't feel in the least a heroine. My plans and schemes have come to nothing, and now I find out that all my life I haven't even been able to take care of Uncle George. He as good as told me so."

"Oh, what nonsense, my dear!—you have simply sacrificed yourself to that selfish old man."

"No, mummie—it is a little humiliating to confess it, but Miss Prance has done more for him in two months than I in all these years. By-and-by I shouldn't wonder if he became quite civilised, and almost like an ordinary nineteenth-century person. And all that will be owing to the tact and good management of—Aunt Musgrove!"

"Aunt indeed! We haven't come to that yet," said Mrs. Shore; "but," in her desire to be fair she defended the absent, "little as I am inclined to like her, one must own that the woman doesn't seem to be gaining much, even in a pecuniary sense, by this marriage, and it isn't

everyone, you know, who would—care about your uncle's little ways."

"She's gaining nothing but a mission. I do believe she likes slaving for others, and perhaps she was sincere when she thought it would be a help to me if she relieved me of my cares. I am so rapidly thawing towards her that I shall presently be humbly grateful to her for turning me out of my home!"

"I am grateful to her already for sending you here," said Margaret, "but I wish I hadn't to put you at the top of the house. If the spare room weren't occupied——"

"I'm glad it is, since it is Arthur's little friend who is there," said Delia, her clear eyes alight with kindness. "We must not forget, mummie, how good she and that dear old grannie were to our boy, and I think it was nice of her to come to you when she was in trouble."

Margaret's tell-tale face betrayed its disquiet.

"Oh yes, my dear," she said distressfully, "I was glad, of course, to be of use to her."

"I hope she will let me help to nurse her." Delia put her hands on the little mother's shoulders, and what she felt showed in her moved face. "Poor girl, she is homeless too! That ought to make *me* feel for her. I wish she would let me be her friend."

"I don't know—I don't know——" Margaret turned away nervously. "Perhaps—she is such a stranger to us—she might not like it."

"You mean she might not like me?" said Delia, "but indeed I would try to win her. I know what you are thinking, dear," her voice sank to an agitated whisper: "I had that feeling, too—in the summer, and it made me very unhappy, until I came to see how wicked it was to distrust and doubt one who has given me all the joy I have ever known. Arthur has given me everything, and I'm not going to grudge him this—friendship."

"Delia, Delia," said Margaret brokenly, "I am distracted, and I cannot think clearly. Sometimes I think that I—his mother—have been cruel and unjust."

"You couldn't be that," said the girl staunchly.

"And then again I tell myself that men are men, even our own, whom we have cradled as little children in our arms, and that we women, who are so shielded from the evil side of life, are unfair in setting too high a standard—unfair in blaming them if they fall short of our ideal for them. We ask too much, dear, and it cuts us so cruelly when we are disappointed."

"I don't think our standard can be too high," said Delia, "but our faith may easily be too little. That is what I have been telling myself. 'Delia,' I have been saying, 'your love is a poor, worthless thing, fit for no man's acceptance, if you withhold your belief.' It has made me so happy to get back to that point, mummie. And you and I—who know Arthur so well, and are so proud of him—is it for us to

wonder and seek about for reasons, and light very likely upon quite the wrong ones, why this little Daisy liked him, and looked up to him and admired him, and prized his friendship? We should be glad when he is chivalrous to other women, mummie, you and I who think him our man of men! And if Daisy will take me into her friendship too, that is all I shall ask."

"My child," said Margaret, altogether giving way, and speaking tearfully, "God bless you for the comfort you are to me! Do as you like: it is not for me to forbid you."

"And you shall see how happy we shall all be," said Delia, with kindling eyes, while her hand patted Margaret's shoulder soothingly. "Arthur is sure to come to-night, isn't he?"

"He said he would."

"And you won't tell him I'm here? It will be a little plot between us. He'll be saying: 'I wonder when Delia is coming back to Bayswater?' And then you can invent a message to send him to the drawing-room and—when he finds *me* there—I think—I shouldn't wonder," she gave a soft, confident laugh—"if he is a little glad!"

CHAPTER XX.

ARTHUR had only to meet Delia again after these months of separation to feel with a leap of his heart that all his well-being was bound up in her. The strength of his own feeling came to him with a kind of shock; he had not realised how deeply rooted it was, and his pettish doubts and hesitations, the pique that had led him to play with his affection for her as if it were a mere passing fancy, fronted him now with all the ugliness of an infidelity.

So that when he looked in her dear face, and saw the love-light shining for him in her clear eyes, it was only fit that he should realise all at once how poor and paltry a part he had played, and what a silly fool he had been to risk losing the treasure of her heart.

"Delia, Delia," he said, holding both her hands, as if he were afraid she would vanish and be lost to him, "I'm not worthy of you. What could make you look at me?"

She freed a hand to put it on his lips. Her own trembled, though she spoke with gaiety.

"That was quite the right sentiment to have—at first. Humility is very becoming in proposing man, but it's a long time since I took you, Arthur, and you mustn't disparage my choice."

"You ought to have married a different kind of chap," he said remorsefully.

"Would you have had me

given in marriage

To a first-class earl who kept his carriage?"

she said, with a laugh. "Don't you think it's a little late to be finding that out?—unless—unless you are tired of me."

"Don't, don't," he said, with so much pain,

that she slipped her hand into his to comfort him.

"We care for each other, Arthur, and isn't that enough for both of us?"

"It isn't enough for me, Delia. I shall never be fit for anything unless you marry me."

"I will marry you, Arthur."

"Now—next week?" he said eagerly.

"Ah," she said, blushing, "if I give you an inch, you take an ell! That isn't fair."

"But you never even gave me the inch before."

"I was always yours"—it was said with a blush.

"Sometimes, of late, I have doubted it."

"I have come back to you, but—you will not misunderstand me—Arthur, I am not sorry that I went away!"

"Because it has helped you to know me better?"

"Even if that were so, my love for you is unchanged," she said softly.

"I tried it sorely."

"Don't say anything," she implored, when perhaps in his new compunction he would have made some sort of confession, "or perhaps I shall have to tell you that there was a time when I was unhappy, too, thinking you were displeased, and had ceased to care for me. But I was with a good woman, Arthur, a nice, clever woman, who made me see things in the right light."

"If it was Miss Bramston who made you turn to me again, Delia, I'll never revile her more."

"You will know her and like her, as everyone must," she said with conviction.

If her eyes were open to the fibre of weakness in him, the issue of his better qualities of good nature and sympathy, she never betrayed it by look or word. Her love was great enough to forgive and forget the wounds his seeming indifference, his open carelessness had inflicted. She could never fail to remember how Arthur had come into her dark austere life like the sudden sunshine that breaks through a seemingly impenetrable bank of cloud. He had changed all her horizon for her: if his emotions had little permanence in general, she could not question the genuineness of his affection for her; every look and tone betrayed it. Had she ever doubted it? It was a time of great discomfort to reflect upon, but it was all over, all forgotten. She was the more content to rest upon the assurance of his love, because she had found, to the entire healing of her last lingering fears, that Daisy's long summer companionship with Arthur had done her no permanent injury.

Mrs. Shore had been reluctant to trust Delia's insight. She dreaded a meeting between the girls, but to her surprise Daisy, who had not opened her heart to the elder woman, at once took to the one who was young like herself. It seemed as if she had just been waiting for this touch of a common youth to unlock her feelings.

Delia, it is true, made the first advance,

pushing aside the heavy curtains of the big bed, and holding out her kind cordial hands.

"I'm so glad you're better!" she said brightly. "If you don't mind, I've come to sit with you for a little. There's so much we might talk about."

Daisy looked up, her blue eyes dilating, a pink colour tinging her pale cheeks.

"I know you," she said slowly. "Yes, you are the girl Mr. Arthur is going to marry."

"I am that happy girl," said Delia, with a royal blush. "And I have heard a great deal about you, too."

"Nice things?" said Daisy, with childish eagerness.

"The very nicest things," said Delia, with a laugh.

"Then I'm sure it wasn't John who said them," said Daisy naively. "He's always discontented with me."

"That is often the way with people who care for us, don't you think?" said Delia diffidently.

"They can't bear to think that we've any faults, I suppose."

"Then I think the other way's the nicer way," said Daisy, and it was she who laughed this time.

"Perhaps Mr. John will learn the other way if he is allowed a little practice," said Delia gravely.

"He could have taken lessons from Mr. Shore."

In a moment Daisy was quick enough to see that her words might sound wounding, and with a repentant impulse she was ready to atone for them.

"He thought all the world of you," she said, with burning cheeks. "He was always saying things that showed who he had in his mind. As for me, he just made fun with me because there was nobody else. His mother thinks I shouldn't have come here. She thinks—I don't know what—but it isn't true," she ended illogically, panting a little in her excitement. "I didn't think I would tell you—but—you're nice."

Delia laid her head on the pillow, perhaps to hide her moved face. She took Daisy's little brown hand in her own, and held it close.

"Thank you for telling me, dear," she whispered. "I didn't think things that—weren't true, and neither does Mrs. Shore—but it was good of you to tell me. It doesn't do to let ugly little thoughts creep in, Daisy—I may call you Daisy, mayn't I? and you must call me Delia—we are only forging swords to stab ourselves with. And perhaps—I have no right to say it—but perhaps that was why your cousin, Mr. John—"

"Oh, John was mad enough!" said Daisy, with her inconsequent light laugh, her transient emotion gone. "I did it partly to tease him."

"But—you won't tease him any more? It hurts the person we tease more than we guess, and then—some day perhaps—we find when we can't cure it—that it has hurt us, too."

"Oh, I won't promise! He's such a goose."

You couldn't help it—but maybe—if he's very good and says something nice when he comes to see me—— He's in Scotland. I had a letter this morning." The hand Delia held tightened its grasp nervously. "They took—granny there. She wanted to go. John put the heather Mr. Arthur sent upon her grave—from me—I was taking it to her that day—when—when——"

in perfect amity, Daisy looking brighter and better than she had yet done.

Margaret's heart gave a thankful throb, and yet she was perplexed. Could she have been deceived, torturing herself cruelly all for nothing?

Perhaps she was too simple and uncomplex to understand a character like Daisy's, moved by so many unseen forces. There was a time



CONFIDENCES.

"Yes," said Delia sympathetically, "that was very thoughtful of him. I feel sure he means to be kind."

"Oh, I daresay," said Daisy with light indifference.

Then she fell to talking of her home and all her interests at the farm, and when at last Mrs. Shore came in, in fear and trembling, she was amazed to find the two girls chatting away

when she had drifted perilously near to danger, when an unguarded word or look would have shaken flirtation into love, and how would it have fared then with her frail little craft plying such dangerous seas? But there was a shrewd edge to Daisy's character, a matter-of-fact common sense that corrected her emotional side. She was quick enough to see that Arthur had no deep-seated ardour for her

behind his good-natured kindness, and Daisy had no mind to be admired for her charming face alone, and forgotten so soon as her beauty ceased to be a delightful novelty.

And since she had been sheltered by Mrs. Shore's moreen curtains in that best bedroom, so much more solemnly grand than any room at the farm, she had slowly realised that to spend your life with people whose manners and thoughts and ways were all upon a different plane might be a very real unhappiness. She would be nobody in this big house where everything went like clockwork—only, at the best, supposing she could wrest him from that other girl—Mr. Arthur's wife—whom his fine friends might look down on and despise. It was all too restrained—too proper. The maids were distant in their civility to this undesired guest; she longed for the rough friendliness of S'phia, who took as much interest in a new ribbon as Daisy did in buying it. At the farm she was Queen Daisy, and her pleasure was law. She panted for the freedom of her own woods and meadows, and in the revulsion of her feeling she saw John Hardy's long devotion in a kinder light.

Thus it was that all her new-born emotions urged her along the path of confession to Delia—the girl who was young like herself, and who did not scold or despise her. Nor need we withhold from her some little praise for her generous intent. Delia, at least, always stoutly maintained that the child had a good heart and a loving nature, and for her part she should always think well of her.

The intimacy between the girls increased as the days flew by, and when Daisy was able, with the help of Delia's arm, to walk into the drawing-room, they were already on such comfortable terms that Arthur's part was robbed of half its awkwardness. It was a great deal more simple than he supposed it would be. Daisy showed no self-consciousness, and she let him arrange the sofa cushions for her with her old feeling of pleased triumph in being waited on.

"I'll make John do that," she was thinking, while Arthur looked over the back of the sofa at Delia with a new and humbling wonder at her goodness. Was there anyone in all the world like Delia?

Mrs. Shore looked on too—glad and yet bewildered. She told herself that she was too old to understand the ways of younger people—their quick transitions of feeling. Her scrupulous spirit found itself astray among emotions so lightly kindled, so easily extinguished; but she, too, looked at Delia and thanked heaven for sending her so dear a daughter.

A few days after Daisy's restoration to the family circle, Arthur, who still slept at his club, opened the door of his home to find himself face to face with John Hardy—who stood in the hall wrestling with his great-coat, embarrassed by the parlourmaid's offer of help.

The men stood looking at each other doubtfully. Then Arthur's presence of mind came back to him.

"Glad to see you," he said. "But you're not going off yet, are you? Come in here"—he opened the door of his den—"and have a smoke and tell me what you're doing on the farm."

"I must catch my train," said Hardy, who yet followed him into the small room. "I came up to see my cousin."

"Yes?" said Arthur interrogatively.

"Mr. Shore"—the manager spoke with blunt roughness—"I refused to shake hands with you once; I'll do it now, if you like."

Arthur yielded his palm readily, with a good-humoured smile. He felt it was only his due that the Scotchman should make the first advances, yet he winced a little at the honest grip into which it was taken.

"I always told you it was you, you know," he said, trying to carry the thing off lightly, "and now I suppose you've realised that I was a truthful prophet. When is it to be?"

But it was not to be yet. Mrs. Shore had counselled patience. She begged for the loan of Daisy for a month or two. "I shall be very solitary when my son and daughter are married," she said, and John had the good sense to see that it was her gracious way of sheltering and protecting the homeless girl. In his great desire he was humbly ready to wait: he would not hurry the slow rekindling of Daisy's affection; it was enough that she no longer repulsed him, and even seemed to take pleasure in his visits.

Margaret watched her anxiously; but one day, some months later, her last inmost doubt was dispelled.

The Simpsons had come to call; Bessie had taken a fancy to this little girl with her charming face and her gay ways. The colonel and Margaret, sitting apart without much to say to each other, could hear the even flow of Bessie's voice.

"It is such a pleasure to be going about again," she was saying. "For years and years I've been a perfect martyr to ill-health; my sufferings, I assure you, were frightful, and my friends think me quite a miracle. But since we are settled in town for the winter, and I can creep about in my quiet way"—creeping about with Bessie meant sitting behind a pair of sleek, well-bred horses—"I shall be so glad if I can help you with your shopping, if my taste is of any value."

"Oh, will you?" cried Daisy, clasping delighted hands, and looking up with frank admiration in the visitor's face. Margaret Shore's contentment with plainness and dowdiness was a serious drawback to her as a hostess in Daisy's eyes, but if this perfectly appointed lady, with her Paris toilets and her prancing horses, would stoop to help her—"I'll want ever so many new frocks," she said, "and all sorts of things; and it will be so delightful if you will help me to choose."

Bessie, flattered by the girl's open admiration, was lavish of promises.

"H'm," said the colonel, catching that sentence about new frocks, "so that affair is coming off?"

"Yes," said Margaret with a sigh of contentment, "she is going to marry her cousin who manages her property. I think they understand each other and will be happy. He is the sort of husband one would choose for her. I am hoping Arthur and Delia will be back in time for the wedding."

"Well," said the colonel drily, "'It's an ill wind, etc.'—you know the proverb? This frock-choosing business will keep my wife going nicely till the dear duchess comes to

town. I used to think"—he looked at Margaret with a sly twinkle—"that if I were a member of Parliament I would vote for the abolition of the House of Lords, but I'm converted from the error of that view. For if you abolished the lords you'd abolish the ladies too, and without her Grace of—"

"What's that you're saying about the duchess, Thomas?" His wife turned on him quickly.

"I was only about to remind Margaret, my dear, of all we owe to her."

"Well," said Bessie, with an edge of sharpness, "I'm glad you are both sensible of it at last. It has taken a good while to get it into your heads!"



LORENZO PEROSI AND THE NEW ORATORIOS.

BY ELEANORE D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

THE new oratorio, like the new opera, has come to us from Italy. After Mascagni and Leoncavallo we have Perosi.

There is a certain fitness in this, for Italy was the cradle of both forms of music drama, and the year of their birth was the same. At Florence, in 1600, the first opera was performed in public; at Rome, ten months earlier, the first oratorio had been heard.

The opera was the foster-child of the aristocracy of the most aristocratic city in Italy. It was nursed in the home of the Count of Vernio, and its *début*, in Peri's "Eurydice," was made at the celebration of the marriage of a king—Henri IV of France—with Maria de' Medici. The composer, Peri, sang the part of Orpheus, and the highest ladies and gentlemen of the court represented the other characters.

The oratorio had other beginnings. In a room which he was allowed to build over the nave of the little church of San Girolamo in Rome, St. Philip Neri founded his famous oratory. Here on certain weekdays he gathered round him all the young people whom he could reach, and preached to them in a popular manner. His sermons, each of which lasted half an hour, were preceded and followed by music, and on festival days he even instituted the dramatic representation of Bible stories. Into these he introduced choruses, many of which were specially composed for him by his intimate friend, the celebrated musician, Palestrina. From being held in the oratory, these services were called oratorios, and so popular did they become with the humble class of people for whom they were primarily designed that before long St. Philip Neri was enabled to build a larger church on the site of the old S. Maria

in Vallicelli. This new building was called the Oratory, and here St. Philip died in 1595.

Five years later, the composition which is regarded as the first real oratorio was performed in this church. It was composed by Emilio del Cavaliere, and was called "The Representation of the Body and the Soul." The principal characters in it were Time, Life, the World, Pleasure, the Intellect, the Soul, the Body, two youths who recited the prologue and the chorus. The orchestra consisted of one lira doppia, one clavicembalo, one chitarone and two flauti. No part was written for the violin, but a note stated that a good effect might be produced by playing one in unison with the soprano voice throughout.

Very minute directions were given as to the performance, which, it was stated, might end with or without a dance. If without a dance, says the note, "the vocal and instrumental parts must be doubled in the last chorus. But should a dance be preferred, the verse beginning 'Chiostri altissimi' must be sung to stately and reverent steps. To these will succeed other grave steps and figures of a solemn character."

Such was the oratorio of 1600—how different in its crude simplicity from the magnificent oratorio of to-day!

The progress of the oratorio was rapid—far more rapid than was that of its worldly sister, for while the first great opera, Gluck's "Orfeo," was not heard until 1762, oratorio had reached its highest development in the "Messiah" twenty years before that time (Dublin, 1742).

Already in the oratorios of Carissimi, the immediate successor of Emilio del Cavaliere, action had been discarded, in its place a personage being introduced whose duty it was

to describe the situation and connect the utterances of the other characters. This personage is variously named the Narrator, Historian, or Evangelist. Händel could make no use of this solitary figure. He loved massive, gorgeous effects, and the prominent office of the Narrator would have been an irksome drag upon the brilliancy of his conceptions. Accordingly, though the words of "Israel in Egypt" and of "The Messiah" are taken direct from the Bible, they are divided into airs, ensembles and choruses for the various kinds of voices, and are never allotted to special characters. The work gains hereby, undoubtedly, from a musical point of view, the method admitting of considerable variety; but this advantage is obtained at the expense of the narrative, which loses, not only all continuity, but much of its devotional element.

In the oratorios of Händel's great contemporary, Sebastian Bach, this fact is made strikingly evident. In his two versions of the Passion Music (according to St. Matthew and St. John) Bach gave the first place to the Evangelist, who, as in all settings of the Passion from earliest times, is invariably a tenor, the words of Our Lord being sung by a bass. In these points, as in many others, Perosi wisely follows the example of the great Leipzig cantor. His new oratorios have none of the splendour of Händel, nor have they the dramatic intensity of Mendelssohn, and it were vain to look in them for such a scene as Mendelssohn brings before our eyes, as well as our ears, in the stoning of Stephen in "St. Paul." To the young Italian composer the cruelties of the world are known only from hearsay, and the sufferings of humanity are hidden from his inexperienced sight.

There are critics who aver that the hand of Wagner is manifest in Perosi's work, but, if this be so at all, it is only the hand which is the hand of Wagner—the voice is the voice of Bach.

The studied simplicity and reverent treatment which distinguish all Perosi's compositions are not the inheritance of Wagner, and those who go to hear an oratorio by the young Italian master expecting to find a second "Parsifal," will be disappointed—or, it may be, glad.

"The ultimate purpose of the oratorio," says a distinguished German critic, "is neither to minister to our senses, nor to afford us what we ordinarily understand by the words pleasure and entertainment, but to elevate our souls, to purify our lives, and, so far as art can conduce to such an end, to strengthen our faith and our devotion towards God."

It must be admitted that Perosi labours to this end, though it is probable that his work would gain considerably by being heard in the church rather than in the concert-room.

Each of his three oratorios is in two parts, a feature which they share with Bach's Passion Music, which we know was intended to be separated by the sermon, as were the first oratorios of St. Philip Neri.

At the end of each part of Perosi's first two oratorios there is a hymn, which has no special connection with what has gone before it, and which leaves the impression of being something quite distinct from the oratorio proper. Bach, in his Passion Music, introduces frequent hymns, but the words have always some connection with those which preceded them, as, for instance, when, after the words of Jesus, "Ye know that after two days the passover cometh, and the Son of man is delivered up to be crucified," we have the beautiful chorale:

"O heart-loved Jesu, what law hast Thou broken
That verdict harsh as this 'gainst Thee is spoken?
What is Thy fault, for what debt unrequited
Art Thou indicted?"

No such effect as this is gained when at the end of the first part of "The Resurrection of Lazarus," after the words of the Jews, sung by the chorus, "She is going unto the Sepulchre, that she may weep there," Perosi gives us a hymn beginning as follows:

"O Thou that hast within Thy ken
The wayward hearts of sinful men,
Bestow on them that turn to Thee
The grace of pardon, full and free."

It is manifest here that, for the moment, Mary and Lazarus and the Jews have passed from the mental vision of the composer, and that he is expressing the thought which the situation suggests—not to any of them, but to himself.

This meditative spirit pervades the whole of the first two oratorios, but it is much less in evidence in the third one, in which the young musician attains a far more objective standpoint. Between the completion of "The Transfiguration of Christ" and of "The Resurrection of Christ" little more than a year had elapsed, but the difference in maturity of conception between these two works is so great that much may be expected from a composer who accomplished so much in such a short space of time.

In the "Transfiguration of Our Lord"—Perosi's first oratorio—the words are taken from the gospel of St. Mark, chapter ix., to which are added two hymns, which close respectively the first and second parts. The first of these hymns, "Christo risuciti," would appear to have been the inspiring motive of the whole work. It is heard in the prelude, and, immediately after the first words of the Narrator describing the transfiguration, one verse of it is sung by the chorus in unison, accompanied by the organ. It recurs many times throughout the oratorio, to which it forms a noble and appropriate finale, sung by the entire chorus and supported by the full orchestra.

The melody is that of the twelfth-century hymn, "Christ ist uferstanden," one of those fine old tunes to which Luther wrote new words, and which he included in his hymn-book printed at Erfurt in 1525. The other hymn

tune which Perosi has used in his "Transfiguration" is taken from the service known as Lauds in the Roman Catholic Church. It is interesting to note that this old melody was printed in the first of Luther's hymn-books—the earliest hymn-book of the Reformation. It is the tune which, sung by a wanderer from Prussia to the words, "Es ist das Heil uns kommen her," beneath the window of the great reformer, at Wittenberg, caused him such intense delight. Luther's joy in this tune is further manifested by the fact that a slightly varied form of it was printed in his later hymn-book, 1543, and that he used it, in all, three times in his setting of Psalms.

Perosi has good precedent for his use of chorales in his oratorios. As Mr. Rockstro, in his admirable article on "Oratorio," in Grove's "Dictionary of Music," pointed out, "Before the close of the sixteenth century the national chorale, which, absorbing into itself the still more venerable Volkslied, spoke straight to the hearts of the people, had become part of the inmost life of Germany, and when the idea of the Passion oratorio was first conceived the chorale entered freely into its composition."

We have this fact exemplified in the Passion Music of Sebastian Bach, in which the chorales are so prominent a feature; but not only in Passion oratorio do we meet with chorales. Mendelssohn, in his "St. Paul," has also made noble use of these fine old tunes, which are so intimately associated with the Christian faith.

A remarkable characteristic of Perosi's "Transfiguration," and one which it shares with its successor, "The Resurrection of Lazarus," is the importance given in both works to instrumental intermezzi. This characteristic has been so admirably described by Mr. F. Byles that I cannot do better than quote his words.

After pointing out that the composer's sense of the situation is almost wholly conveyed in his orchestral interludes, he goes on to say: "It is like a Bible-reading with instrumental illustrations, or, to employ another simile, it might be said that he works like an old monastic bookman, beautifying his capitals with loving care, indulging in fanciful marginal scrolls and finals, but making the body of the text one square black letter."

An interesting case in point occurs after the words of the Narrator, "And then there came a cloud." The sentence is accompanied by the simplest of chords, but is followed by a cloud painted in music so fleecy and transparent that it would take a Ruskin to describe it. It is given to muted violins, and has a most exquisite effect. Harps then support the song of the Voice from Heaven, "This is my beloved Son, hear ye Him." The cloud sweeps once more over the strings and the little scene is over. It only fills two pages of the vocal score, but there are many such miniature tone-paintings throughout the work.

"The Resurrection of Lazarus," Perosi's second oratorio, shows a marked development

in independence of thought. The orchestra is even more important than in the first work, but it is less occupied with extraneous matter and is more used in the working out of the composer's own ideas, which he studiously keeps in check while setting forth the Gospel narrative. It must be admitted that this system occasionally has serious drawbacks. When, after the orchestral prelude, the Narrator announces simply, "Now a certain man was sick," and ten bars of instrumental music break in upon the story before he names the man, "Lazarus of Bethany," we may imagine that the pause was deliberate, and intended to give particular emphasis to the two statements; but there can be no such object in the ten bars of interlude which intervene between the Narrator's declaration, "Now Jesus loved Martha," and its continuation, "and also her sister Mary and Lazarus." But the chain of ideas in the composer's mind is easily followed; Martha suggests to him the woman who was "cumbered about much serving," and instead of proceeding with his narrative he stops to depict this busy serving-woman. The music becomes quick and staccato, indicative of the restless spirit of Martha, and it only subsides into quiet and even motion when the name of Mary is reached.

A new feature of this oratorio is the presence in it of distinct leading subjects, which are used in the manner made most familiar by Wagner, at certain moments throughout the work. Of these subjects the most important are the two associated with the ideas of faith and resurrection. The "Faith" theme is given out by the instruments directly after the words, "He that believeth in me," and the last three notes form the musical setting of Christ's words, "Credis hoc?" (Believest thou this?). The same theme is again very beautifully introduced before our Lord's reproachful answer to Martha, "Did I not say to thee that if thou believ'st"; again before the command, "Lazarus, come forth"; and at the close of the work it is given in full on trombones, horns, and bassoons.

The "Resurrection" theme is particularly prominent in the first part of the oratorio, where it follows the words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." It also forms the leading phrase of the hymn to which I have already referred as having no connection with the story of Lazarus, and which ends Part I. This, again, is an example of Perosi's peculiarly meditative mind. Mary having gone out unto the Sepulchre that she might weep there, he does not follow her immediately, but pauses to ponder all these things in his heart, and his own prayer is set to the tune that speaks of resurrection and of life. This hymn has three verses, each of which is followed by a very beautiful orchestral variation, in which all the rich fancies of the musician, freed from the fetters imposed by the sacred words, are given full play in

"Notes of many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out."

I now come to the last of Perosi's masterpieces, "The Resurrection of Christ," which was heard for the first time in the Church of the Apostoli at Rome last December. Since then it has been given at the London Musical Festival in May, following the other two oratorios, and before this paper is in the hands of my readers it will probably have been performed again at Queen's Hall under the conductorship of the composer.

In the "Resurrection of Christ" the chorus is considerably more developed than in either of its predecessors, and the orchestra falls back into its proper subordinate position. It is interesting to note that the composer, having gained more confidence, without losing any of the reverential spirit which throughout distinguishes his work, allows himself greater freedom in the matter of accompaniment, and instead of supporting the voices by a few modest chords, as in his previous compositions, his accompaniments here are often strongly characteristic.

The chorus of chief priests and Pharisees addressing Pilate is sung by male voices in unison, supported by an instrumental basis of the most powerful description. The deep, oft-repeated F natural, beneath the massive G minor harmonies, strikes the note of discord which is so palpable throughout the whole scene, and one feels instinctively that the composer's object was to set forth how Pilate, governor though he was, like the bass note which governs the chord above it, was out of tune with his surroundings, while the relentless unison of the voices and instruments describes the vindictive unanimity of the savage crowd.

Some more instrumental tone-painting precedes the final chorus to the first part of the oratorio, which is called "From Death to Sepulchre," and here Perosi has indulged in a sort of attempt at programme music, the orchestral interlude which follows the words, "And the rocks were rent," being marked by a note explaining that here we have "A sorrowful motive of Nature, horror-struck at the terrible sight, which will be repeated when the seals are affixed to the Holy Sepulchre." This repetition of "Nature's horror" is followed by a baritone solo and chorus, the words of which are taken from the Responses for Good Friday, set to music in four parts.

The second part of the oratorio, which is called "The Dawn of Triumph," has a marked leading subject; it is at once given out in the prelude, supported by a tremulous movement on the strings, *pianissimo*. The effect is very beautiful, and Perosi here achieves a point of intensity

that is nowhere else obtained in any of these works. The prelude is followed by a chorus of angels singing "Alleluia," for which the composer has taken a fine old Gregorian melody, to which he has given an accompaniment of harps. These two themes form the principal features of the remainder of the oratorio.

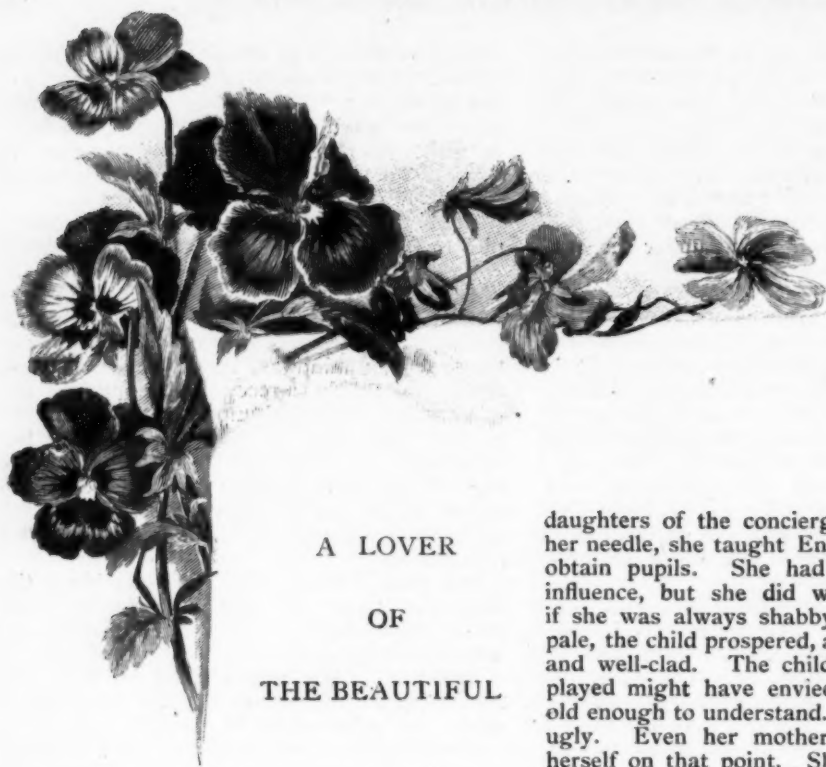
That Perosi has true dramatic instinct is plainly proved by his conception of the scene representing the meeting between Mary and the risen Saviour. Christ's sorrowful exclamation "Mary!" is followed by a short orchestral passage, in which we can trace the workings of the woman's mind as, through her distress, she begins slowly to recognise Him whom she is seeking. The Triumph theme given out by the trombones is then followed by her passionate cry "Rabboni!" beginning on the high B flat and rushing down through an octave of chromatic intervals to rise and fall again in one long, impetuous burst of joyful recognition.

The final chorus, "Alleluia," combines the Gregorian tune with the powerful Triumph motive, and brings the oratorio to a close in a whirl of joyous exultation.

And now a few words must be given in conclusion to the author of these remarkable works, for remarkable they are, however easy it may be for the critic, who has listened to the masterpieces of the veterans, Bach and Händel, to lay the finger of censure on weak spots.

Lorenzo Perosi is the son of a poor and obscure musician, living at the small town of Tortona in Piedmont, where the boy was born on December 20, 1872. He was entirely self-taught until six years ago, when, at the age of twenty, he was at last in a position to obtain regular instruction at the Conservatoire of Milan. There he had the good fortune to be discovered by a wealthy amateur, Count Lurani-Cernuschi, who sent him to Ratisbon, where he continued his studies under the most favourable auspices. At twenty-three he was ordained priest, and now he is Maestro di Capella at St. Mark's in Venice.

His works have been given from one end of Italy to the other, and have been received everywhere with an enthusiasm which is perhaps in excess of their actual merits. But a musician of such earnestness and ideality as Lorenzo Perosi is not likely to be dazzled by a success which he must know better than any one else is rather the reward of promise than of achievement; and as he guides his cathedral choir through the glorious music of Palestrina and of Bach he will realise how long a journey he has yet to travel before he can claim a place among the Immortals.



A LOVER
OF
THE BEAUTIFUL

LEONORA'S father had had Jewish blood in his veins. He had died before the birth of his daughter, but he had transmitted to her his dreamy, poetical temperament, and a disposition to melancholy such as characterises the true Oriental. He had been a musician and should have been heard of in the world, but he was more romantic than persevering, and loved other things besides his art. Best of all, he loved the little English wife whose parents had disowned her when she married the ugly, insignificant music-master, whose loneliness had touched her heart, and whose talent had compelled her reverence.

For some time they made a Paradise for themselves in a flat in a poor quarter of Paris. Then Isaac da Costa died of typhoid fever, and the sweet-faced, delicate young woman was only kept from some desperate act by the thought of the unborn babe which, if it could not give her consolation, might save her from despair. The touch of a young child's hand upon a broken heart, however, can effect miracles of healing, and when at length the little Leonora looked up into her mother's face with the dark eyes which were so strangely solemn, the light came back into the world, the desert seemed to blossom, and it was no longer cruel of the birds to sing.

Mabel da Costa was almost penniless, but she set to work as soon as possible to earn enough to support herself and the little one; for she had no prospect of help, except from a rich relation of Isaac's, and he was of that nature that his death rather than his life would benefit others. She gave lessons in music to the

daughters of the concierge, she worked with her needle, she taught English when she could obtain pupils. She had neither talents nor influence, but she did what she could, and if she was always shabby and grew thin and pale, the child prospered, and was both well-fed and well-clad. The children with whom she played might have envied her, had they been old enough to understand. Still, Leonora was ugly. Even her mother could not deceive herself on that point. She did not desire to, for she traced in the girl a resemblance to her father; the sallowness, the deep hollows beneath the eyes, the sharp features of the creature did but endear her to the fair, pretty Englishwoman who would have admired her less had she inherited her own, formerly undeniable, charms.

Mabel had not acquainted her own relations either with the sorrow or the joy which had befallen her. She was proud and perhaps a little unforgiving, and she told herself she had no need of patronage. But a time came when she was glad to throw herself on their mercy.

When Leonora was five years old her mother, who had some work to do, permitted her to go under the protection of some older children to a fair. The gamins with whom Leonora associated were certainly her inferiors, but the mother found it better for the little one to play with those about her than to be solitary, the more that she showed a disposition to sit in corners, thinking queer girlish thoughts that made her expression prematurely grave. So that Mabel did not discourage the friendly advances of the noisy, merry urchins who were their neighbours. Da Costa had, perhaps, inoculated his wife with some of his republican notions. She was of the number of those who take their colour from the beings they love, and share their views. Such characters are not strong, nor are they always admirable, but they are usually lovable.

On this occasion the children set off in high glee, provided with a few sous to spend, and with tartines for luncheon. Mabel ran after them a little way, to give them further injunctions, and to kiss the small brown face. Then she went back, full of love, and happiness, and sorrow.

As she worked her thoughts were with Leonora and her future. She had a belief that she was the mother of no common child, that as the husband whose life she had shared had had aspirations and characteristics beyond her comprehension, and with which she was only in touch because she loved him, so the little one would one day soar above her, claim her sympathy for sufferings to which many women are strangers, clutch with eager hands at heaven where others are content to grope on earth, weep because men suffered, and thus forget her own joys, have great ideals, and mourn that others were satisfied with lesser ones.

She called to mind many a talk she had had with Isaac, the almost fanatical earnestness with which he would advocate impossible theories, and then seating himself at the piano would play and play, his whole body swayed by the music, and his soul shining in his wonderful eyes.

Yet the little fiery man might have been counted useless in his generation. He had, to human computation, accomplished less than many a plodder who goes his daily round in the beaten path, and knows neither unrest nor ecstasy, neither exaltation nor despair. His had been the loneliness of genius, without the rewards of genius. Leonora too would be lonely, so the mother realised, with the intuition of love. Would she be happier than her father? He had rejoiced at the expectation of a child. "If it be boy or girl I care not," he had said, "so long as it accomplishes what I shall never do, so long as it embodies what I can only conceive." For that was why the musician suffered. Had he been less great he would have been satisfied to do small things well. Had he been greater he could not have done great things badly. Sad the fate of those who despise mediocrity, yet cannot secure eminence. Perhaps in Isaac's child the sacred fire would burn as clearly, and the creative power be stronger.

It would have been the father's happy task to educate the young being, to imbue its mind with his ideas, to form its taste, to shape its judgment, and to send it to God for inspiration. Of all these things the mother could only do the last. Naturally she would have no ambition save that her daughter should become a good and happy woman, but since she was Isaac's child, she must also be great, even though glory to a woman be but another name for sorrow.

Leonora must be a musician. Young as she was, a gift in this direction had already manifested itself, and as to ways and means they would be found.

Mabel's heart was full as she sat stitching all that hot afternoon; she wept a little at the glorious images she conjured up of Leonora's future greatness, but wiped away the tears quickly, grudging any moment that was lost. She must work, for every stitch was a help towards the attainment of the desires of her idolised husband.

As she dreamed, some one called for her.

She went to the door. It was the widow Lamartine, and by her stood a little boy and a tall man in a blouse. The boy was crying bitterly, and kept rubbing his eyes with his sleeve. When he heard Mabel's voice he wept more loudly, and wrenching his hand from that of his mother ran down the stairs again. He was one of the children who had accompanied Leonora to the fête.

Neither the man nor the woman hastened to answer Mabel's question as to what they wanted of her. The woman looked away and the man fidgeted uneasily with his blouse. She had to repeat it twice, the second time with the impatience of alarm. Then the widow began to explain, but she was not lucid. The mother's instinct outleapt her bungling efforts.

"Something has happened to Leonora," she cried. "Tell me." She looked at the man. "You know."

Yes, he knew. The little girl had met with an accident. She had fallen from a swing. She lay now in the hospital. He hoped that she still lived.

When the agonised mother reached the hospital she was told the child's life was despaired of. She had fallen from a height, and there had been nothing to break her fall.

For many days and nights the little one fought with death; and at length vanquished it. But when her mother took her home once more Leonora was a hunchback.

Mabel's dreams were ended. The womanhood in her revolted against the notion of publicity for the sensitive deformed child. The pictures she had seen in her mind, of a singer in a crowded theatre melting the hearts of her listeners by the magic of her voice, of a woman composer interpreting her own works to applauding critics, of an artiste crowned with the love of one whom she had won through her art, faded.

But as she put aside her ambition there came in its place a sweet compensation. The child would need her more, would depend on her more, would perhaps love her more than if the world were her servant. She had dedicated her life to Leonora already. She renewed her vows with a solemn purpose that was sacred.

The hunchback grew to girlhood, so cherished, so sustained, so protected by the mother love that she scarcely knew of her misfortune. She lived in a world of her own. She no longer played with other children, but she felt no need of their society. She had the children of her brain, thoughts pure and deep and unearthly, such as only come to those who are unspotted from the world. She fed her imagination on books such as she could obtain, a few volumes of her father's which had been religiously saved even in the straits of poverty, a Shelley, a translated Dante and sundry French tomes which he had picked up from the bookstalls. The young girl who learned English almost as soon as French

steeped her mind in the loveliness of the poetry, taking no harm from the evil because she did not understand it. With her mother she wandered about Paris, that training-school of art, and breathed beauty into her being with the naturalness of a true Parisian. Very poor she was, yet rich, for the world was hers through appreciation. She loved everything. The sky, the stars, the trees, the birds, were her friends, and if she picked up by chance a broken blossom she would carry it to her room and keep it till it died.

But though anything maimed called forth her pity, she yet always cared more for that which was whole, which had developed as Nature intended it should.

When she was twelve years old her mother's health failed. Mabel had worked harder in those twelve years than anyone suspected. She saw a doctor, and learned that the disease which had laid hold upon her would before long prove fatal. Love and unselfishness had made a heroine of a commonplace character. She proved herself heroic now. She buried the last fragments of her pride. She became a beggar. She sold her few possessions and went to England to seek her parents. They were dead, but her married sister received her into her house. She was herself prosperous, respected, happy, and the mother of a beautiful girl. It spoke well for her that she did not repulse the almost ragged creature who presented herself. Perhaps she might have done so had it not been plain that death had already claimed the tired guest.

The mother pleaded, "Take care of Leonora. Let her affliction claim your mercy. She is good, and affectionate, and clever. For the sake of our girlhood together give her a little love."

The appeal was listened to, and to some extent answered. Leonora found a home. But she became an orphan. Neither luxury, nor kindness, nor the advantages which a good education could give her, atoned for that best of gifts which she had lost—a mother, who had accepted maternity as a vocation.

By degrees, in the more practical life which had opened to her, Leonora lost the illusions of her beautiful sunlit childhood. It is often death which is the first sorrow of childhood, and enlightens it as to other sorrows. But one illusion still remained in the girl, and when that was dispelled existence became a terrible reality, dreary under heavy clouds.

None of us believe in our own moral ugliness till our eyes are opened by a force from without ourselves. So it often requires external aid to convince us of physical deformity. Leonora's love for beauty was a passion, she turned from everything that was not harmonious in colour, perfect in shape, regular in proportion. But she did not know that she herself was a blot on the fairness of creation. In childhood she had been kept from seeing her own reflection, and her mother had been so prodigal of praises and caresses that, had she pondered the subject, she

would have been persuaded that she must be beautiful to inspire such feelings, since only beauty in others inspired them in her. True, she detected loveliness where others were blind to it, but so also she discovered defects which were not apparent to ordinary observers. When she for the first time beheld her cousin she was enraptured. Rosa was exceptionally lovely. At eighteen she was presented at Court. That was a melancholy day for Leonora. It marked an epoch in their existence.

Rosa's dress had come home the evening before the drawing-room, and Leonora had slipped into the spare room, where it was spread out, a triumph of skill, all white silk and lace, and pearl embroidery. As she stood looking at it two of the servants came in for the same purpose. Leonora involuntarily drew back, and remained hidden by the curtain of the bed. They did not observe her. She listened with amusement to their admiring comments. Suddenly her own name arrested her attention.

"Poor Miss Leonora," one of the maids was remarking, "she can't ever have a dress like that—it's only fit for a bride, and it isn't likely she'll ever be presented, nor married neither, though they say she will be rich one day too."

"And yet," said the other, "she's a sweet young lady, a bit abstracted like, but always kind and gentle. It's a wonder to me her misfortunes haven't soured her."

"She don't seem to know of it," said the other. "And that's queer too, for I don't think I've ever seen anyone uglier."

They chattered for a little while longer, but Leonora did not hear what they said. Only these words rang in her ears, "I don't think I've seen anyone uglier." If she were so ugly then it was true no one would ever love her, and love was the supreme good of life. But *was* she so ugly? Why had no one told her so before? She ugly!

She crept up to her bedroom, drew down the blinds to shut out what light remained, and lay down on her bed in the darkness. But she did not sleep, she kept repeating to herself as if to impress the fact on her unwilling brain, "I am ugly, I am ugly. No one will ever love me." Then she sought the past for confirmation of the unpleasant truth. Had her mother deceived her? Had she kept from her the fact, and if so, for what reason? If she were ugly, unpleasant to the eyes of others, would it not have been kinder to tell her, that she might not trouble them with her presence (for she did not realise that all the world did not have her morbid hatred of deformity).

Now she recalled a scene of her childhood. She remembered with distinctness all that had transpired. It was a fête day. She had gone with her mother, an old gentleman who had shown them some kindness, and his grandson to a fair. To please the boy they had all entered a booth to witness the performance of a travelling company. She had understood little,

but she had enjoyed the representation until the Punchinello appeared, then she had burst out crying. The sight of him was intolerable to her. In vain they tried to pacify her, she insisted that her mother should take her away. As she was being led out a young peasant had remarked to her—being perhaps annoyed at the disturbance—"What a droll little fool! you are but a Punchinello yourself!" She had clung to her mother's hand. "What does he mean?" she asked. "Nothing, nothing, my little one," was the hasty answer, "he is drunk, and knows not what he says."

Out of the past this little incident, which must have impressed her more than she knew, flashed upon her now. She even experienced once more the shrinking she had felt then from the ugly painted Punchinello with the hump on his back. And was it possible that she resembled this creature? She put one arm behind her and felt her back. It was true! Had she been blind never to know it before? She bore a hump. She was deformed. She was ugly.

She lay trembling. Then she prayed. "O God," she cried, "Thou canst do miracles. If I am indeed ugly, change me. There is yet time. I am young. Make me straight. Make me beautiful."

She said this prayer again and again, but whenever she felt the hump she found it as large as before; indeed, so did terror inflame her imagination that the hump seemed to grow constantly larger. At last, hiding her face in the pillow, she wept bitterly. She had grieved for her mother before, but it was as a dumb creature who scarcely realises its need. Now she formulated her desires and called upon her mother's name.

"Come to me, Mamma, Mamma. I am ugly. I am not like others. Come to me. I am alone. I want you to kiss me and hold me in your arms. If you are an angel come to me. Tell me I am not like the Punchinello, Mamma."

So waiting, she exhausted herself and fell asleep.

In the morning she appeared, a weary, heavy-eyed little creature. On being asked if she had slept badly she answered only by a monosyllable, neither would she vouchsafe any reason. Her aunt and cousin were too much occupied with their own affairs to question her further.

Under ordinary circumstances she would have accompanied Rosa when she dressed, and though saying little, for she was at no time talkative, have made a suggestion now and then concerning the arrangement of a curl or the placing of a jewel, of which the maid would avail herself. To-day, in spite of the importance of the occasion, she remained downstairs, moodily gazing out of the window, and wondering if she would ever dare to present herself in public again. For, being but newly acquainted with her misfortune, it seemed to her that it would strike all others freshly.

Presently she heard Rosa calling to her.

"Are you not coming to see how I look, Leonora?"

"Yes," she said, and her young voice had an unaccustomed harshness in it, "I am coming."

Rosa was standing before the long glass, flushed with happiness and a not unpardonable vanity. Her silken train was spread behind her. The only colour about her was that of her hair and eyes and brilliant complexion. She was the personification of girlish loveliness.

"Well!" she said with a smile, and turned a dimpled face to her cousin.

Leonora was always ready with genuine and spontaneous praise. But to-day there was no word of admiration forthcoming. The hunchback came to her side, but she contemplated, not Rosa, but her reflection in the glass. And she found it beautiful enough. But who was this by her side, hideous by contrast? This dwarfed, black-robed figure with the hump of the Punchinello, with the dark lowering face marred by sleeplessness and tears, with claw-like clenched hands. Was this the being who disgusted her, from whom her artistic sense recoiled, herself? This—was Leonora da Costa. And all her days she must bear about that body.

Her little heart swelled with a passion that was scarcely childish. The eyes she raised to her cousin were tragic in the intensity of their gaze.

"Oh," she said. "It is true. I did not dream it. I am like the Punchinello. And my mother lied to me."

"Leonora!" said her cousin, not understanding her, and she laid her pretty hand on her shoulder. "What is this you say?"

But Leonora sprang away from her and ran out of the room. Fierce feelings possessed her, and she knew for the first time revolt against God. Her mother's death had not been so unbearable a grief as this, for that had been sorrow without bitterness. But the new grief gave a fresh intensity to the old.

"Mother," sobbed the child, "come back to me. Tell me again it is not true."

For a long time after that life was very bitter to Leonora. With the knowledge of her misfortune her outlook on all things was changed. As one of an impure mind sees impurity in all about him and hardly believes in the existence of purity, so this girl, whose consciousness had become warped and morbid, lost the realisation of the world's beauty which had formerly sustained her. The image of herself was projected on all she looked upon. Her anguish had the exaggeration of childhood and of the neurotic temperament. The only hope for happiness in such cases is for the sufferer to be absorbed by outward interests, to be carried away by the enthusiasm of art, of love, or of religion; when once he becomes introspective or self-centred nothing awaits him but misery.

Leonora was not left alone. Help came to her, and her thoughts were diverted.

One morning she had gone into a small public park adjoining her aunt's house. She

had spent many happy hours there, for with trees and flowers, the sky above and her thoughts, this child of the emotions and the imagination could be well content. To-day the July heat, the cloudless heavens, the peaceful aspect of all about her, lulled the passionate girl into a brooding calm. Emptied for a while of self, resting in the arms of the mother earth, while the trees were murmuring a lullaby, enjoying with a sensuous satisfaction the warmth and sweetness of the air, every fibre of her being responded to her surroundings. Perhaps her over-wearied mind had a reaction. Her sorrows slept a while, and all seemed well. She seemed to realise her mother's presence, the mother who had been bound to her by ties of love; though of real sympathy, had she but known it, there existed little. It was the father's nature intensified and yet purified which was in the woman-child. But just now all hope and aspiration was dormant. When we are very tired we ask not joy, but rest. Leonora lay on her side, one cheek resting on the grass. Her two hands were clasped loosely together, and her eyes looked into vacancy. A man who had been strolling through the park, absorbed in thought, suddenly perceived the hunchback, and struck by her appearance and expression, grotesque as was the one, pathetic and intense as was the other, stood some little way off watching her. Leonora was not conscious of his presence, but another intruder disturbed her. A little girl, charming to look at, dainty and flowerlike, ran with pattering footsteps along the path. She had escaped from her nurse. She came within Leonora's line of vision, and attracted by the strange girl stood watching her, a tiny finger in her mouth, a pretty mixture of shyness and curiosity. Leonora awakened from her reverie returned the gaze. She loved children, who were to her mysterious beings fresh from heaven and the sight of God, and now she smiled at the small stranger, and her dreamy eyes were sweet with love and pleasure. The child came a step nearer and then paused. Leonora raised herself from her reclining attitude and held out her arms. The child sidled off, then stopped again and looked back. Emboldened by what seemed confidence, and wishing still further to reassure the creature, Leonora hastened up to her. To her surprise and grief the child screamed and ran off, falling in her haste. Leonora endeavoured to raise her, and then the little girl began to cry from fear. The nurse came up and bore her away, sobbing and clinging to her.

The hunchback stood for a few seconds, watching the departing figures, then with a sigh turned away. But suddenly she paused, and clutched at the bosom of her dress with nervous, trembling fingers; her eyes grew wide and her lips parted; there was a look almost of horror on her face.

She remembered, she remembered, and the bitterness of her lot returned to her with the overwhelming force of a pent-up sea. The

love and tenderness were drowned in the cold waves; and all was desolation. A little while ago she would have attributed the child's refusal to come to her to mere caprice of timidity; now it seemed to her there could be but one reason, that she was frightful, that she struck the beholder with terror, that on this baby she made the impression which the Punchinello had made on her. . . . All the light and warmth went out of the world. She grew suddenly hard, cold, bitter. Then she hated. A very fury possessed her. She looked around her for something on which to wreak the new, strange, terrible passion which shook her with its force.

Near her was a bed of lilies, the fragrance of which had delighted her just now. The lilies were beautiful and pure, they rejoiced the eye, they adorned the world, and had no pleasure in doing so. And she, *she* who loved to give, to whom beauty was life, who felt and suffered, and was not as the soulless flowers, she was misshapen, ugly, a terror to others.

She rushed into the midst of the bed of lilies, and tore them with quivering, remorseless fingers, flinging the blossoms on one side and trampling down the tall stems with her feet.

"My child," said a voice behind her, "what is this you are doing? Do you know you could be sent to prison?"

Leonora turned round to him. Her face was flushed and her eyes were flaming.

"I do not care," she cried, "I hate them! I hate them!" and she would have resumed her occupation had he not arrested her hands.

She tried to free herself in vain. Then, as she looked at him the colour faded, the light died away in her eyes. She grew cold, and trembled. He watched her with a compassionate face. When he knew that the demon of rage had gone out of her he loosed her hands. She made no effort to destroy the flowers now, but remained for an instant quite still, with downcast eyes. Then she sank upon the ground and sobbed, drawing long, gasping breaths that hurt her, while the tears streamed down her cheeks.

The man seated himself upon the ground by her side, waiting till she was calmer. Presently Leonora summoned courage and interest to look at him again. She saw a man well on in years, with an ascetic face, a sensitive yet firm mouth, and calm, deep-set eyes, which would have been infinitely sad, were it not for the love which shone in them, and gave them that sort of joy which is inseparable from love. It was a remarkable face, especially to one possessed of insight to discern the inward and spiritual significance of expression and features, and little Leonora, who had no experience on which to rest her criticism, had yet an intuitive perception of all beauty, even though it rested on a basis which was incomprehensible to her.

Though she saw him but that once, yet the impression this man made on her was such that to her dying day she remembered his benign and tender countenance, and associated

it with a strength and purity almost more than mortal. Sometimes, afterwards, seeing the dreamlike superstition of youth through the mists of distance, she inclined to the belief that God had sent her an angel. But her friend was after all only a man.

They remained for a little while looking at each other. The old man saw more than the girl. He knew that the mysterious gift of genius was hers, and that the genius was allied to sorrow. He knew that she would give much and receive little, that men would despise her because her ideals were so much above theirs, while the material things which were all to them she would despise in her turn. He knew that she was a poet, and must bring to birth children of the mind and soul through cruel pangs, through rapture and agony, and be ever dissatisfied with the offspring which others praised for their beauty. He knew that she would be alone among her kind as only poets and prophets are alone, and that her only hope of peace was in the realisation of God.

And then he spoke to her again, smiling. "What harm had the lilies done you, my child?"

"They are beautiful," said Leonora.

"Do you find that a cause for injuring them? I should have thought you would be grateful."

"Ah!" said Leonora, "I loved them a little while ago, but—" her lip quivered again, "I envy them. . . . I am so ugly, you see."

"No"—he looked at her eyes, marred as they were by tears—"you are not ugly."

"You do not find me so?" the child cried, and she raised his hand to her lips in a passion of gratitude, as her quick Oriental blood prompted her.

He smiled again.

"Suppose I did. Would you mind it very much?"

"Oh, sir! you cannot know," she burst out, "you cannot know what it means—to be so ugly. I did not understand till lately. I was happy because I was ignorant. I who hate ugliness am deformed. See, I have even a hump, and the impulsive creature pulled to one side the black hair which flowed down her back. "I am not fit to look on, and I have always dreamed of being loved like Rosamond, my cousin. My mother loved me. But she is dead. Ah, how can I live through the long years?" she asked pitifully.

"What is your name?" said the stranger.

"Leonora," replied the child, "Leonora da Costa."

He repeated it, it was sufficiently musical to please him, and her voice had the softness of an Italian.

"Leonora da Costa—I shall remember it, and one day, if I live, I shall hear it again."

The little girl looked up at him wondering.

"I will tell you why, Leonora. It is because, though you are not beautiful to look upon, you may become beautiful within, so that if men do

not regard you God and the holy angels will have a special love for you, and this is what I think will be your fate. You will be set apart from your fellows, from the little girls you play with, and afterwards from the men and women you meet in the world, and you will learn humility and patience—and grief. But listen, my child, you will have a Comforter within you. By His aid you will be able to give form to all you suffer, and all you enjoy, and all you aspire to. Others will read and say, 'This speaks for me, this comforts me, this calls upon me to endure.' And whereas beauty of person would last only a little while and then fade and leave no trace, and perhaps cause suffering to others as well as joy, for it is a fatal gift, there is a beauty which may grow with years and last through eternity, and if you keep yourself always good, and noble, and brave, and generous, all your griefs and losses will but add to it. Do you understand me?"

Did she understand him? Her dilated eyes spoke for her. The soul in her responded to the simple kindly words, the slumbering power awakened, her sorrow and her hope were each an impulse.

"Make that your aim, Leonora, to be and to do your best. What you are rests with God, but what you become He entrusts to yourself. I do not promise you happiness, nor peace, nor satisfaction . . . but you shall give to the world and be great, and men shall associate your name with beauty throughout the ages."

The idealists looked straight into each other's eyes—he who had suffered much was half afraid at what he had done when he saw the great joy in hers.

"Is that true?" she asked in a hushed voice.

He felt a responsibility akin to that of him who awakens love in a woman that was just now a child, for he knows the pain which follows while she feels only the transfiguring gladness.

"Is that true?" Leonora repeated. "How do you know it? Who are you?"

Then, not waiting for an answer, she sprang up.

"I forgive the lilies," she cried, with a ripple of laughter. "I love them again."

She stooped and gathered in her arms as many as possible of the broken plants with a tenderness that was a strange contrast to her former manner.

When she turned to speak once more to her companion he had gone. Nor, though she ran hither and thither looking for him, did she find him again. But it did not matter; she was happy now, though sobered by a half-formed purpose, dignified by the knowledge he had given her. She went slowly home, her eyes bent now upon the ground, now raised timidly towards heaven. She was exalted by the consciousness of new aims.

THE KEA, OR SHEEP-EATING PARROT.



KEAS INSPECTING A LIVE MAN. THE NEAREST BIRD HAS HIS RIGHT CLAW ON THE MAN'S LEG.

MANY stories, some apparently incredible, have been told of the habits of the kea, the large and beautiful mountain parrot of New Zealand (*Nestor notabilis*).

These stories have filtered through the traveling public, who, when they bring word from distant lands, like to bring it in an attractive form. They have sometimes been narrated by New Zealand residents with more or less exaggeration, and sometimes with due respect for fact. I propose to relate what I observed on the occasion of a holiday tour in the New Zealand high Alps two years ago. This region is about three days' journey from my own home. Anything that I add to my own personal observations I derive from absolutely authentic sources.

In the course of my outing I stayed at the

Hermitage, a beautifully situated hotel, owned by the New Zealand Government, close to Mount Cook, the highest peak in New Zealand (12,349 ft.), and from it proceeded to an out-hut some hours' journey up the Tasman Glacier, at the junction of the Ball Glacier.

We saw no keas at the Hermitage, though years before that establishment was built they were plentiful on the flat where it stands. When camping there in 1884, my party, running short of meat, fed on them for some days. At that time there was a great outcry against the kea, by reason of its sheep-eating proclivities, which did not appear to prevail about Mount Cook. I found the crops of these birds full of the seeds of local shrubs. One of my companions, a well-known authority on the habits of New Zealand birds, had suffered greatly

from the mischief done among his sheep by these birds in the neighbouring province. It was on the sheep-runs at the head of Lake Wanaka, in that province, that they proved so destructive to the sheep that special measures were taken to destroy them. Now one hears very little about the destructive habits of the kea. Some of the poorest sheep-runs are abandoned, partly on account of the low prices of wool, and the cost of mustering the very high country, and partly because of the prohibitive cost of keeping down rabbits on such country. Hence perhaps a good deal of the kea country is seldom visited.

In the Mount Cook district, though some harm is done, it does not amount to much. It results, however, in a standing offer of one shilling per head for the destruction of keas, whose beautiful wings and tails may now be seen ornamenting the walls of the Hermitage.

On the Tasman Glacier we found them fairly numerous. A track leads for a good many miles between the ice and the side of the neighbouring mountain. The latter is covered for thousands of feet with shrubs and flowering plants. When we had followed this track to an altitude of about 4,000 feet, and were fairly among the mountains and glaciers, it being still early in the afternoon, we began to notice the keas soaring like eagles far overhead, and to hear their common cry, "Kiiaa! Kiiaa!" The flock gradually grew, and the birds became more and more anxious to inspect us closely. At length they began to drop down, some upon the slopes of the mountains, others on the moraine, and on the ice of the glacier itself; others among the shrubs in the narrow intervening valley. Our party of five was more or less engaged in the usual arrangements of a camp, lighting a fire, cooking, tubbing, etc., when the birds began to gather close about the Ball hut, which formed our headquarters. All the while they seemed to be talking in their strange tongue to each other from point to point and gradually closing upon us. Their language became more animated, they mewed like cats, howled like dogs, chattered like monkeys, and made many various sounds, the favourite being a yelping like that of a pleased puppy, but more so.

We did our best to imitate these sounds, and had no difficulty in getting individual keas to answer us. As evening approached, their desire for a nearer acquaintance increased. The notion of fear never at any time seemed to enter into the question. They approached slowly, hopping, flying, and walking, not with caution, but rather with circumspection, as if everything on the road had to be examined. On the high flat, just opposite the house, they were very busy. Here they found meat-tins, old rags, bottles, and other camp refuse; these were examined with the greatest care, as they often had been before. A sardine-tin would occupy a bird for half an hour; it had to be turned over and over and thrown first one way and then another, then up in the air. A glass

bottle head was tossed about, apparently because it made a ringing sound; the same bird tossed it up in the air dozens of times. Some of the newer tins contained bits of meat, and this had to be carefully examined, but I could not see that they ate either this or the good meat and bread given them. Pieces of wood of considerable size were bitten into small fragments, apparently in search of grubs, but possibly only as pastime; the operation showed the great strength of their long, hard beaks.

All the while they were whistling and chattering in their own fashion. We counted sixteen in all, and this lot, with occasional changes, hung about for the four days we spent there. Gradually they closed up to the hut. As we sat at meals inside they came to the open door, and in turns looked in. They did not enter, as they sometimes do, but stood in the doorway. Then our fire, which was made in a large nail-can, with a draught-hole, attracted much attention. The fire was carefully examined through the draught-hole. Then a bird, overcome with curiosity, put his beak in to feel the fire, and got it burned. He hopped away with an air of indignation, but this did not prevent two or three others from making the same mistake. We all voted these proceedings very interesting; and decided that it was a shame to kill keas. This opinion was subjected to considerable modification as time went on. It was, however, very interesting to stand among the stones at dusk, and turn from bird to bird as they walked up to us to see what was going on, sometimes hopping and sometimes flying from one boulder to another. One of the party held out a letter in his hand to a bird on a boulder; the kea nibbled the other end of it.

This intense curiosity is enough to account for the kea learning to eat sheep; the old rags and socks near the camp were riddled with holes torn by them. No doubt they have explored dead sheep in the same way, and, liking the meat, have thus learned the trick of eating their way into live ones. This extraordinary habit, which has excited to such a degree the interest of naturalists, does not seem to demand any more elaborate explanation. It is probably a mistake to suppose, as was at first reported, that the kea designedly makes at once for the kidney fat. He eats into various parts of the body, though perhaps more often into the region of the kidney, as it is there that he gets the firmest stand on the back of the running sheep. This view is strengthened by the fact that the kea prefers double-fleeced sheep, *i.e.* such as have remained a whole season unshorn, on which he gets a better grip. An eminent authority, the late T. H. Potts, F.L.S., narrates an incident bearing on this: "On another run during the month of April, 310 strong young wethers were got in off the back country. As it was late in the autumn, the owner resolved not to shear them, but to put them on a good low-lying spur. In September they were looked at, and they were found in dozens with holes in their

backs, untouched in every other part; of the original number only 105 remained alive. This gives an idea of the destruction that threatens double-fleeced sheep."

A man who sharpened his knife on a stone was at once surrounded by these big birds, intensely curious to know what made this new sound. It was then found that rubbing two stones together brought them about at once. Now and then they all rose suddenly and flew away, generally alighting on the ice a few hundred yards away. As darkness drew in their cries gradually ceased, and they appeared to settle down among the rocks and bushes.

In latitude 48, at midsummer, 3 A.M. brings in the first of dawn. To our disgust it brought back the keas. Our sleep had been short and uneasy; it was now gone. They shrieked, yelled, and howled round the house. They got on the roofing and scratched away with their big claws like vicious schoolboys on slates, and, lastly, they started tobogganing down the slopes of the corrugated iron roof. The noise they produced immediately above our bunks was outrageous. When it was discussed in the morning, the guide assured us that it was quite a common practice, and that it was apparently done in play. His idea was that the birds had learned it from seeing men glissading on the snow, but this is improbable. It is more likely that, in competing for places, a bird was occasionally sent sliding down the roof. Now and then these charming companions took to fighting. This was not often, and it never lasted, but when it occurred early in the morning on the iron roof it was not pleasant. At breakfast time a few birds were still about, but mostly at a distance. When the day brightened they disappeared to the heights, thousands of feet above us, but as evening came on they invariably appeared, and the same performances went on, ending in a diversion on the roof at 2 A.M. The only variation was this: one of our party wished to try and tame a kea, and after vain attempts to snare one by passing a noose over it (which was, however, always defeated, the bird calmly taking the noose either in his beak or claw, and turning it aside), he accomplished his object by smiting it with a piece of fencing wire: the blow would have gone far towards killing a man; it made the kea look sheepish for an hour. In the night, the flock, knowing of this outrage, came down round the house, and made,

as it seemed, more noise than ever, while the next night they induced the captive to join in the howls, to the dismay of the tourists who occupied the same bedroom. This pleasing variation started at midnight, and was kept up until morning. After that we revised our views on the preservation of the kea, and listened without undue feelings of indignation to the statement of the guide that he had once shot thirty birds from the door of the hut at one sitting, and had carried down seventy heads to Glentanner station to earn the capitation.

Several of us who take a keen interest in the preservation of native fauna feel disposed to leave the kea in possession of the remoter districts from which he will never be exterminated, while handing over more moderate altitudes to the farmer. So far as my observation goes, ranges of mountains up to 7,000 feet, separated from the great main range, only receive keas as occasional visitors. Their true home is below the snow-fields of the Southern Alps. On the western side of this range, which is clothed with heavy forest and feeds no sheep, they are said to be more numerous.

The captive bird had to travel to the sea in a small deal box in fearfully hot weather. He was so intensely grateful to his owner for an occasional drink of water, that when I last saw him at the coast, four or five days after his capture, he was not only taking biscuit and water from his master's hand, but was caressing that member with a beak that would have cut a nail rod if used in earnest.

The kea is credited with extraordinary intelligence. A New Zealand Government official, in a paper read before a scientific society, asserts his belief that the birds have the power of communicating ideas to each other. The extraordinary variety of their small notes, which I have described as talking, is very suggestive of this. This author relates an anecdote according to which several keas, after consultation, delegated one bird twice in succession to untie the knot in a string which fastened one of their number to a pick-handle!

A friend of mine telling kea stories in Scotland could not feel sure that he was not losing credit with his friends when he told of their tameness and intense curiosity, until he sent for the photograph he had taken of a group sitting round the guide as he lay on the ground wrapped in a blanket. He has kindly placed a copy of this photograph at my disposal.

DR. F. TRUBY KING.

A PARCEL OF ANECDOTES.

I.

PERHAPS no word has undergone a more curious change in meaning than has *anecdote*, which, in the original Greek, is made up of *an*, not, and *ekdotos*, published. This word is said to have been first used by a Greek historian of the sixth century of our era, by whom it was applied to the unpublished memoirs of the Emperor Justinian. Procopius would probably smile, could he see how men, by us accounted fine classical scholars, unhesitatingly use such phrases as "unpublished anecdotes," "published anecdotes," one of them this startling pleonasm, *the not published unpublished-thing*, and the other this wonderful paradox, *the published unpublished-thing*.

To glance now at some anecdotes. Everyone naturally delights most in those which have grown up about the great men of the calling to which he belongs, or hopes to belong. A soldier actual or *in spe* likes a story of a soldier, and so on. In what follows an attempt is made to gratify this taste. To start with a story of a soldier. The one of General Wolfe ("I die happy") has been worn a little threadbare; that of Sergeant Graham, who, at the storming of Seringapatam, first planted the British ensign on its walls, and, shouting "Huzza!" died happy, is very good of its kind, and is less well known.

The story of a sailor which first comes to the memory is that of Nelson, and "England expects! . . ." which, again, has somewhat lost its freshness. A very noble story of another of the mariners of England is that of Sir Humphrey Gilbert. It is given here as told in the footnote to Longfellow's ballad on Sir Humphrey.

"When the wind abated and the vessels were near enough, the admiral was seen constantly sitting in the stern with a book in his hand. On the ninth of September he was seen for the last time, and was heard by the people of the Hind to say, 'We are as near Heaven by sea as by land.'"

The politician likes a story of a politician, and it is not likely that the day will ever come in which English politicians, take they what side they will, will refuse admiration to the dauntless courage which evoked from one who eventually became Prime Minister of this country the cry which closed his hooted maiden speech, "The time will come when you will hear me!"

A philosopher has some contempt for stories, but no philosopher ever tires of the story of Newton and his dog Diamond.

Lawyers are commonly good story-tellers,

and like telling them better than having them told to them; but there are two stories dealing with the legal profession which have come to belong to history, and which should be told to lawyers, and would-be lawyers. The one is the story of good Judge Gascoigne with its significant ending; and the other the story of bad Judge Jeffreys with its significant ending. "Anecdote!" says the man of law, as he reads of Judge Gascoigne and Henry v; and "Anecdote!" says he again, as he read of Judge Jeffreys, dressed up as a sailor, and so terribly mauled by some real Jack Tars that he dies. Such anecdotes, however, are worth retailing.

Of doctors perhaps more stories are told than of men of any other calling. "For practical purposes," writes De Quincey, "we recommend to all physicians the following anecdote, which Sir Richard Jebb used to tell of himself. . . . 'He was' (De Quincey gives the story at second-hand in the version of a lady) 'attending a nobleman, from whom he had a right to expect a fee of five guineas; he received only three. Suspecting some trick on the part of the steward, from whom he received it, he at the next visit contrived to drop the three guineas. They were picked up, and again deposited in his hand; but he still continued to look on the carpet. His lordship asked if all the guineas were found. *'There must be two guineas still on the carpet,'* replied Sir Richard, *'for I have but three.'*" The hint was taken as he meant."

This anecdote is indeed very good "for practical purposes," but for ideal purposes there is many another that would be better.

Inventors begin to cry down the story of Watt and the kettle, for the somewhat paradoxical reason that it is, say they, "an invention." It remains a capital story.

Among anecdotes of preachers none are better than those told of John Knox, some of them showing that he could be rather rude, but one of them showing that he could be of a quite exquisite politeness. "Who are you," said Mary, the Scots Queen, once, "that presume to school the nobles and sovereigns of this realm?"

"Madam, a subject born within the same," was answered. On that occasion John Knox's speech illustrated a truth which has been set forth since in words with which we are all of us familiar—

"As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,
Politeness sends the satire to the heart."

That answer, ushered in by "Madam," was as polite as it was annihilating.

The painter likes a story of a painter. If he be young, one tells him that of Michael Angelo found hurrying along the street as an old man. "Where are you going?" asks a passer-by. "To school," is answered shortly, and the old master—king of all old masters—is seen some moments later to enter his atelier.

Musicians are full of stories of musicians, gay stories and sad stories. Perhaps the saddest of all stories is that which they tell of Beethoven. According to it, on his deathbed a "friend" came to the great composer and said, "Your new quartett does not please."

To which Beethoven: "It will please some day."

It pleases to-day. Ask of anyone who has heard the B flat quartett if it does not please to-day.

A nation great in commerce naturally glories in the stories of its merchants, men some of them who have helped to make history, as Whittington and Walworth did. One hears of them in the nursery as well as in the schoolroom, and so one can never forget them, those Lord Mayors of London. Says Goldsmith somewhere, in his capacity of Doctor, "Tell the children the story of Whittington *without the cat*." As well tell the children the story of Walworth without the episode of Tyler, no mere anecdote though that is. Anecdote has it that a King of France called Edward III, one of the bravest and best of the kings of this country, "the royal wool merchant," and has it that this nation in the heyday of its valour was called by the Frenchman whom it subsequently vanquished "a nation of shopkeepers." These anecdotes, which have made the round of the Continent, carry no shame with them to Englishmen.

Children are naturally interested in stories dealing with the childhood of great persons. Americans dwell with especial love upon such stories, and there are some of us who, as children, have spelled out syllable by syllable the story of young Washington and the lie that he could not tell, and the story of young Franklin and the whistle in which he foolishly invested ninepence. The stories are both of them good, and yet are, somehow, a little dull. "Our American life," says Lowell, who seems to have felt the dulness attaching to American anecdotes, "is dreadfully barren of those elements of the social picturesque which give piquancy to anecdote."

A great resemblance between anecdotes is often observable. According to the Greeks, Epaminondas, dying childless, says, "I shall leave behind me two immortal daughters, Leuctra and Mantinea"; according to the Italians, Michael Angelo answers the question why he remains unwed in the words, "Painting is my wife, and my works are my children."

De Quincey would probably have refused his admiration to the later of these stories, to judge

from the following, which is taken from one of his "Letters to a Young Man":

"'Englishman!' said a Frenchman once to me, 'you that contest our claim to the sublime, and contend that "la manière noble" of our artists wears a falsetto character; what do you think of that saying of a king of ours, that it became not the King of France to avenge the injuries of the Duke of Orleans' (that is, of himself, under that title)? 'Think!' said I, 'why, I think it is a magnificent and regal speech, and such is my English generosity that I heartily wish the Emperor Hadrian had not said the same thing fifteen hundred years ago.' I would willingly give five shillings myself to purchase the copyright of the saying for the French nation, for *they* want it, and the Romans could spare it."

English generosity has not here perhaps found its most noteworthy expression. All the world regards France as the homeland of wit, and Macaulay has called French "the language of anecdote." The probability is that the King of France owed as little to the Emperor Hadrian in regard to this saying as the Emperor Hadrian owed to the man who, if the matter were closely investigated, would indubitably be found to have said years before a thing virtually the same. We claim to have said something very similar to it ourselves, without owing aught to French king or Roman emperor. Our version of it is contained in the anecdote of John quarrelling with Lilburn, John Lilburn having been, it would seem, a Commonwealth character of a specially quarrelsome turn.

It would be interesting to know why, in connection with a national hero, the nation at large invariably prefers one anecdote to all others. The case of the English nation and Alfred the Great is one in point. Every Englishman knows four anecdotes of this king—the anecdote of the illuminated book, the anecdote of the cakes, the anecdote of the disguise as harper, the anecdote of the loaf shared with the pilgrim; but if, proceeding on the great lines of Carlyle's famous question, "Will you give up your Indian Empire or your Shakespeare, you English?" any man should stand up and ask, "*Will you give up the other three stories, or give up the one of the cakes, you English?*" there can be no doubt in anyone's mind but the voice of the people would answer, "*We cannot give up the one of the cakes; this does not go—this lasts forever with us.*"

What, it behoves us now to ask, is the special charm attaching to the story of the cakes? Is it the fact that it is what persons not of the peerage sometimes term "essentially bourgeois"?—this last word being one which no Englishman has yet translated.

It seems just possible that it is this quality which recommends the story of the king and the cakes to a nation after all no more aristocratic in its leanings than the Russian nation, the favourite anecdote with which is the one which tells how Peter the Great, having earned his first day's wages from a blacksmith, at once purchased himself a pair of shoes, which he delighted in showing upon his feet, remarking, "I have earned them well, by the sweat of my brow, with hammer and anvil." The admira-

tion of stories like this is not confined to the Germans, who used to boast, if they boast not still, that Frederick the Great had his coat pieced under the arms.

There is yet another feature attaching to the story of the cakes which may have something to do with its wide popularity. It is that it suggests a reflection which a poet has embodied in these words :

"Many a one who deems
Life's lesser-duties menial, and who makes
Its service swerve to loftier-visioned schemes,
Proves thus far Alfred, that he burns the cakes,
But never wins the kingdom of his dreams."

Of Canute it would appear that the story of the waves has become of such preponderating interest that an examiner in recent years set this question: "Give an account of Canute, omitting the story of the waves."

Even the cruelty of an examiner could no farther go than that.

There is a class of anecdotes which used to appeal especially to girls. To it belongs the anecdote of Charles II concealed in an oak, and of the Young Pretender disguised as a servant-maid. Looked at closely, these anecdotes are seen to give glimpses into the unheroic, and it is not to be regretted if they are, as rumour has it, losing their hold upon the minds of maidens.

The remarks of children in connection with anecdote are not always without value. A countrywoman of Nelson's, aged twelve, asked an older person, not very long ago, in connection with the story "England expects . . ." "D'you know the story at the other end? 'Cause I do! When the battle was over, Nelson said, 'Thank God, I have done my duty!'"

This twelve-year-old was tremendously proud of knowing "the story at the other end."

To touch in passing on some foreign anecdotes. It would be perhaps straining the quality of mercy to say that all the knowledge of classical characters contained by the bulk of English people of to-day is comprised in a few anecdotes, but some of us, it will be conceded, know persons not wholly illiterate all of whose knowledge of Dido is the story of the ox's hide, of Demosthenes the story of the pebbles, of Caligula the story of the horse, of Titus the story of the lost day, and of Belisarius the story—there are some who say it is a falsehood—of the obolus.

In like manner we are not distinguished as a nation for our knowledge of latter-day history other than our own, and German students of *Weltgeschichte*, which is comparative history on a very large scale, do not look impressed when they discover that we know one story of Napoleon—"Incident of the French Camp" is its name, and we know it thanks to Browning; that we know the story of Frederick the Great and the tall grenadier—it is in the anecdotal appendices to some of the German grammars; and that we know the story of Tell and the

apple. Of this last-named story it is our fashion to boast in hyperbole that we have known it ever since we were born.

Capital each in its way these three stories are, but unsupported by others they are—say politely the German students of *Weltgeschichte*—rather too slight for a nation so great as the English to take its stand by.

An extraordinary attempt was made at the beginning of this century to invest arithmetic with interest to girls by embellishing it with anecdote, native and foreign, the person who made this attempt naming his book "Arithmetical Questions on a New Plan, intended to answer the double purpose of Arithmetical Instruction and Miscellaneous Information. Designed for the use of Young Ladies." The title-page of this book, which passed through many editions, was adorned by two quotations from Locke, running severally :

"Arithmetic is of such general use, in all parts of life and business, that scarcely anything is to be done without it."

"He that requires the attention and application of children should endeavour to make what he proposes as grateful and agreeable as possible."

With a view to making what he proposed as grateful and agreeable as possible, the author of this work proposed a problem in division as follows :

"Such was the charitable disposition of Alfred the Great, a native of Wantage, that when reduced to his last loaf of bread he divided it with a mendicant pilgrim. If as many quartern loaves as there are inches in a foot cost eight shillings and sixpence, what is that a loaf?"

Under the heading of "Promiscuous Questions" is put the following :

"Correggio, so called from Correggio, a town near Modena, in the north of Italy, was a most extraordinary painter. He spent the greatest part of his life at Parma, and died, much lamented, in 1534, at the premature age of forty. The cause of his death was a little singular. Going to receive fifty crowns for a piece that he had done, he was paid it in a sort of copper money. This was a great weight, and he had twelve miles to carry it in the midst of summer. He was over-heated and fatigued; in which condition, indiscreetly drinking cold water, he brought on a pleurisy, which put an end to his life. His 'La Notte' (the Night), in the Dresden gallery, is esteemed one of the finest pictures in the world. The subject of this exquisite picture is the Adoration of the Shepherds. Valuing the crowns at four shillings and ninepence farthing each, what is the amount?"

Here it is seen that the young lady of the early century in being taught arithmetic was taught also—to look no farther than this question—something of geography, something of art history, something of chronology, something of foreign coinage, something of hygiene, something of Italian. An anecdote was thrown in to satisfy her love of story; and if she had some "tact for the ludicrous," a quality praised in one Miss Hawkins of this time by a person as chary of his eulogy as Thomas de Quincey, the *reductio ad absurdum* involved in the sudden putting of the promiscuous question could not fail to delight her.

The pill supplied by a problem in arithmetical

reduction was by the author of these "Questions on a New Plan" hidden in this jam :

"A rich, but penurious character, who was surprised in the act of reproaching his maid-servant for having thrown a match into the fire, when she had used but one of its ends, gave, in a few minutes after, *fifty pounds* towards the support of a public charity in London, observing, as a reason for having just reprehended his domestic for her extravagance, that *economy is the best source of generosity.*"

Young ladies of 1825 divined doubtless before reading to the end of this what was in store for them. "*How many farthings. . .*"

One other problem shall be given :

"The most extraordinary instance of corpulency ever known in this country, till the appearance of the late Mr. Lambert, of Leicester (this singular character died at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, on June 21, 1809), was that of Mr. Bright, a tallow chandler and grocer of Malden, in Essex, who died in the twenty-ninth year of his age. Seven persons of the common size were with ease enclosed in his waistcoat (Mr. Long, a tailor of Malden, in 1802 had in his possession the identical waistcoat in which the seven persons were buttoned), and a stocking which, when sent home to him, was found too little, was large enough to hold a child of four years old. Mr. Bright was esteemed a very honest tradesman, a facetious companion, comely in his person, affable in his temper, a kind husband, a tender father, and a valuable friend. He was interred in the church of All Saints, Malden, November 12, 1750. Mr. Bright weighed 153,600 drachms; what was his weight in hundreds, etc. *Ans. : 5 cwt. 1 qr. 12 lb., or 42 st. 12 lb.*"

Turn we now to anecdote as it illustrates English history. There are croakers who maintain that not one Englishman in a hundred has a knowledge of English history from 800 to 1800. In point of fact, this knowledge is possessed by everyone who has pondered in his heart the following anecdotes, none of them new to almost any English child : Alfred and the cakes, Canute and the waves, Richard I and Blondel, John and the Jew's tooth, Queen Eleanor and the poisoned wound, Bruce and the spider, Whittington and the cat, Clarence and the butt of Malmsey, Ridley and Latimer and "such a candle," Cranmer and the punished hand, Raleigh and the cloak, Sidney and the cup of water, Monmouth and those "few peas," Clive "packed off" to India, Franklin and the whistle, Washington and the lie, Wolfe and the foes that ran, Nelson and England's expectation.

Here we have eighteen anecdotes, but the croakers will again lift their voices and say that not one English boy or girl in a hundred could place them in chronological order.

¹ The expression "packed off" is used by the historian Green in describing a certain idle and troublesome boy in whom his friends do not foresee the man who was to found England's Indian Empire.

ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING.



Second Thoughts on Books and Men.

In accepting the position assigned by Mrs. Browning to the artist in the moulding of soul-impulses and sympathies, we must beware of allowing the name to one who is a mere imitator of the outward forms of things, not an interpreter of their inner meaning. The true artist uses colours or sounds not to reproduce what strikes the eye or the ear in the outside world, but to reveal the soul of what is there visible or audible to the senses.

"Art's the witness of what Is
Behind this show. If this world's show were all,
Then imitation would be all in Art."

It is only when our spirit-sense is thus "somewhat cleared" that we behold the vision that makes us witnesses, seers, and to others, as Browning has it, "the makers see," the revealers of the inner glory that is hidden within the external phenomena.

"What is Art
But life upon the larger scale, the higher,
When, graduating up in a spiral line
Of still expanding and ascending gyres,
It pushes towards the intense significance
Of all things, hungry for the Infinite?
Art's life."

It is this "Infinite" of which the Imagination alone is able to realise in part an idea. At the close of the poem Romney accepts for Aurora the vocation from which at first he had sought to wean her. Taught by his own bitter failures, he sees at length that the beautiful has its own ministry to man—that, through the interpreting power of her imagination, Aurora had done for others more than he, with all his wealth and self-sacrifice, had been able to accomplish. He even exhorts her to fulfil faithfully, through all discouragement, her divine commission to open for others the door between the seen and the unseen.

"Art's a service—mark :
A silver key is given to thy clasp,
And thou shalt stand unwearied, night and day,
And fix it in the hard, slow-turning wards,
To open so, that intermediate door
Betwixt the different planes of sensuous form,
And form insensuous, that inferior men
May learn to feel on still through these to those,
And bless thy ministration."

Aurora, too, has learned that we must

"Respect the practical, partial good
As being part of Beauty's self."

Here is the fusion point between Hebraism and Hellenism, between that worship of righteousness and the worship of beauty which has seemed so often a mutually contradictory attitude. The Hellenistic idea that virtue was health, beauty, and good habit of soul, seen in the light of Christianity, is identified with that salvation which lies in restoration to God, and harmony with His will, as indicated in the law of the divinest life—the life of Christ. Here is realised that “proportion” which was with the Greek the ideal of virtue. Sin had put us out of time and tune with the rest of the universe. Redemption restores the lost harmony. Browning’s often-quoted lines are sometimes given as if they expressed what is a merely natural perception :

“O world, as God has made it! All is beauty,
And knowing this is love, and love is duty.
What further may be sought for or declared?”

We forget that they utter the conviction of a soul subdued to submission and penitence. It is not the aspect the world wears to the unrenewed heart that is reflected in them. The angel’s healing hand had been laid on the poet’s head; he had been bent low in adoration, and his hands lifted up in prayer. It was when his brow was bared *after* that healing touch that he thus viewed the earth, and skies, and sea. So Aurora learned, as we must learn, that no high vision is possible, save as self-life is lost in a complete and holy consecration.

“Passioned to exalt
The artist’s instinct in me at the cost
Of putting down the woman’s, I forgot
No perfect artist is developed here
From any imperfect woman. Flower from root,
And spiritual from natural, grade by grade
In all our life.”

C. E. L.

An Imaginary Interview. “I want to see the mop,” I said.
The mop—as much as remained
of it—was produced. Looking at
it with profound interest, I turned to the owner
of it.

“Will you tell me the story of it, Mrs. Partington?”

Mrs. Partington smiled, not altogether sweetly, and said: “I’m proper tired of telling that story, I be, but if ‘ee do want to hear it, this is how it was. Years ago and years ago it was. There was a gale come blowing the sea right up agin the house. It come dapping along right up to the door theer, and then it give a jump right over the planches, and theer it was in the middle of the floor, dapping about

like mad. What’s up wi’ en, thinks I, what be en after? ‘Taint the bed o’ the deep sea here,’ says I, mazed like wi’ the fright and talking to en, same as ‘twere a Christian; ‘thee’d better ways go back,’ says I. But on it come quite stiddy, and then I went for the mop. The mop was in the chimney-corner, and I caught en up and begun sopping wi’ en, but there wasn’t the mop in the world that’d mop up the slop. It runned over the planches and rinned up the stairs, wi’ me going before it foot and foot for life. ‘Sakes!’ says I, still talking to en, ‘what be ‘ee thinking of? where be ‘ee gwine to?’ I were that skeered, I’d only the sense to car’ the mop wi’ me and rin. But at the stair-top I turned round, and I were my old spiritty self agin, and I hitched up my gown and I went for en wi’ my mop.”

“What happened then, Mrs. Partington?” I asked, for the old woman paused suddenly, and passed a withered hand over her eyes.

“It was then like as the dimpses set in,” she said, “and it noon, sir. I were tipped up wi’ my mop, sir, and most drowned.”

I forced a laugh. “So you and your mop were no match for the Atlantic, Mrs. Partington?”

“Mrs. Partington’s face clouded. “That’s what Parson Smith un said, sir. He were sharp to his tongue, were Parson Smith.”

The dame spoke in great anger, and a silence ensued, during which I found myself trying to identify Parson Smith with the renowned Sydney. Then Mrs. Partington continued querulously:

“He said, said he—they do say as he said it at the Parliament House up to London—‘Mrs. Partington,’ says he, ‘were excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she shouldn’t have meddled with a tempest.’ That be wit to the gentry, that be. The like o’ we don’t look to understand it. Seems stoopid to the like o’ we, and not the sort o’ talk for talkin’ in the House up to London.”

This steady shot of irony caused me to wince, and I had to gather all my courage to make the request which I made now. “Would you—sell—your mop, Mrs. Partington?”

Instead of an answer to this question, there came a crash. My outstretched hand had knocked down a little Devonshire vase—a copy of the Abbot’s Cup at Fountains Abbey. I had been looking at it prior to being wafted off to that dreamland in which I had been interviewing Mrs. Partington of Sidmouth. But for my clumsiness, I might have received an answer to my question. Would it have been a Devonian *aye*, “Yes fy!” or a Devonian *nay*, “No fy!” Would Mrs. Partington have sold her mop?

E. D’ESTERRE-KEELING.

HOW DUNES ARE MADE.

A DUNE, or sandhill near the sea, affords a singularly striking illustration of the constructive energy of nature. By far the greater part of the coast line of the Bay of Biscay is formed of dunes, which, in places, extend several leagues inland—a succession of hills separated by narrow valleys or glens; and here the land is scarcely less arid than an African desert. Dunes composed of bare sand, that is always liable to be lifted by a strong wind from the sea and carried inland, have worked dire destruction, burying houses and churches, even villages and small towns, in the south-west of France; yet, when they are no longer shifting, but become fixed by pines, gorse, broom, and other vegetation, which, when once rooted, will thrive in the most arid soil, they not only break the force of the sea wind, but prevent low-lying country from being invaded by the ocean. In this way they do great service in the Netherlands.

Immense pine-forests now cover most of the sandhills by the Bay of Biscay; but here and there all efforts made to prevent the continued accumulation of sand have proved unsuccessful. About six miles from Arcachon, towards the entrance of the Basin, is an immense dune, called Dune de la Grave. It follows the line of coast about three miles, and rises to about 300 feet above the sea that washes its base at high tide. As one climbs this dune the pines that grow on each of its sides, with the exception of that which forms a precipice towards the sea, become shorter and shorter; so that one's first impression is that they are younger trees than those left behind. Such, however, is not the case; it is the sand that has been burying their trunks. At length one sees nothing above the sand but the crests of pine-trees of considerable age, the roots being forty feet or more below the surface. Finally they give up the struggle, and the top branches of buried pines, now dead and leafless, lie like bones in the desert. Is there not something pathetic in the death of a tree from slow suffocation? When the last vestiges of the pines have disappeared the dune shows no vegetation whatever, except a few straggling streamers of a coarse wiry grass of the desert, *psamma arenaria*. On the summit even this cannot live. Here the fine powdery sand—mainly composed of minute particles of quartz—is thrown up by the wind exactly in the manner of snowdrifts. One looks upon a waste of mimic mountains

and valleys utterly lifeless and desolate. Unless the weather is very calm a little cloud of sand moves over the surface like swiftly blown smoke, so that all footprints upon it are quickly obliterated, and the solitary rambler who crosses the dune feels as much alone with the forces of nature as if he were in some alpine region of perpetual snow. The scene is by no means without grandeur, for on one side is the Bay of Biscay, with the Atlantic rollers breaking on the bar of sandbanks; on the other is the vast and seemingly illimitable forest, whose pines repeat the moan of the sea.

This Dune de la Grave has risen about forty feet in thirty years, and it is now believed to be the highest sandhill in Europe. Many persons can remember the considerable strip of forest that has been completely submerged by it, and the nearly buried pines still struggling for air and life tell of the tragedy in nature that is going on at a lower elevation. Down by the sea the beach has an earlier tale of destruction to tell. Here at low tide can be seen, deeply embedded in the sand and presenting much the character of bogwood, the boles of great trees, which are the ruins of a natural forest that the sea must have overwhelmed centuries ago. From this we may conclude that a forest stretched along the level coast before the sandhills were thrown up by the wind to form a dyke against the invading waves.

When a strong south-west wind is blowing, watch the grains of sand in movement at the southern end of the dune. They are rising up the face of the slope in dense and hissing multitudes that go on their way with such a fierce energy and such sureness of purpose that one asks: What breath of destiny is this that drives them? As all these swarming atoms—may-be of a vanished continent—rush upwards, a great motive seems to animate them. Is it the yearnings to settle down again after all their wandering in the sea, or is it zeal to build ramparts for another mainland? The waves bring the material that is to be used against themselves, and the wind drives the little grains higher and higher until the drift, rising far above the tops of the forest trees, becomes a great hill. In this manner incalculable tons of sand are piled up by the wind in a few years, and the dune thus formed may last for ages, or it may be swept away and rebuilt somewhere else by the same force that raised it.

E. H. R.

AUSTRALIAN STORIES.

BY LILIAN TURNER (SYDNEY, N.S.W.).

MY LADY'S FINGERS.

SHE lived in the days of Long Ago.

Behind the grim face of the Past, in the great heart of Silence is she known—My Lady.

Even to-day, though sight of her face is denied the world, her prayer arises and she stretches out pleading hands to little children from her prison, the brown earth. Who shall hearken to her? Who release her? It is not written. But this is her story.

In the Land of Blue Hills and Blue Skies, in the Land of Grim Gum-Trees and green Maiden-Hair, there dwelt a King. His every-day title was King of Mimosa—but he had half a dozen other names; the Monarch of the Miraga, the Emperor of the Emu Plains, the Ruler of Red-Gum Land, were some of them.

He was a very eccentric King, and had the reputation of being cruel. He really does not matter to this story very much, but he had a lot of theories and philosophies—and they matter.

He had a theory about hatred. He said it was the finest quality in the Universe. "Hatred," he said to his High Chancellor, "is a life-giving quality. The more of it one has about one the better. How I hate you! It is my chief reason for giving you so high a position in my Land."

In fact, so greatly did he hate him, that he was continually stirring his mind for some new method of annoying the Chancellor. Very often his mind could only evolve petty, trifling actions; but sometimes his eyes would flash with thought—brilliant thought, and he would seem to the rest of the kingdom almost to surpass himself.

When the Chancellor's nostrils quivered, as they sometimes did, and his face crimsoned, as he could not help it doing, and his teeth shut down fast on his lips, the King would burst into a roar of laughter.

"Why, by the Royal Emu, life is worth living!" he would cry. (An Emu, with golden wings on two long spears, was his arms.)

But there was one being in the shadow of the King's Throne who breathed Love, and that was the King's daughter—My Lady.

The grey-blue of the everlasting hills was in her eyes; gold was her hair, as the wattle flower's bloom. Her face was soft and fair as a spirit child's, and her laugh the gladdest sound in all the Land.

For the King, her father, she cherished an odd, worshipping sort of love. He was so tall and strong and good to look at; and even his cruellest taunt could not shake her allegiance and love.

She used to chatter to him about the birds and the flowers. She said she knew all their secrets.

She knew why the sea laughed, and why it moaned and grew angry. She knew the thoughts of the wind, the songs of the trees, the whisperings of the grass. Or she thought she did, which was just as good for her.

She believed when she died she would change into a flannel flower, and she told her father so once.

"And what shall I be?" he asked her. She laughed:

"A prickly pear," she said saucily, which amused him.

One day he told her it was high time she was thinking about a husband. Flowers and birds were



"A PRICKLY PEAR," SHE SAID SAUCILY.

all very well in their way, but one couldn't marry them very well.

"There's the Prince of Saltbush Plains," he said;

"I'd rather have him for a son-in-law than any other Prince I know. I've a very great hatred for him."

"But he's all yellow and shrivelled up," objected the Princess, a little alarmed.

"That's only owing to his abominable kingdom," said the King. "What can you expect from a man who imbibed salt from his birth? He's only a trifle briny compared with his father."

"He doesn't sound very nice," said the Princess.

"What is his name? Salt Peter?"

"No," said her father, smiling, "Table Salt—the top of his head is so flat and shiny."

But the Princess, who was really in love with a young Minstrel, who lived in the Mimosa Plains, made

over, he could play the lute. Sometimes, in an evening, he would steal into a little grove of saplings, in the King's demesne, and play so sweetly that the very snakes would steal out enchanted. It was quite a common thing for the iguanas to await his coming at the fringe of grass that edged the sapling grove. The wallaby, being a sentimental animal, always wept at his going.

There was one evening when the Princess had stolen down there to meet her Minstrel, whom she called her Prince.

She looked very beautiful, her golden hair floating like a cloud around her.

She told the Minstrel about the Prince of Saltbush Plains, and they both laughed together over the story. For the Princess had a droll way of telling tales.

So occupied were they in their talk and laughter that they never heard a heavy tread upon the leaves behind them.

"We will go up to my father to-night, and brave his anger," said the Princess. "He can but disinherit me."

Then the King spoke. His eyes glistened, and his face quivered, and his huge form shook with anger.

The Minstrel and the little Princess fell upon their knees beseeching.

"I love her," said the Minstrel. "O gracious King, be merciful!"

"I love him," said the Princess. "Oh, my father! But mercy did not belong to the King.

"Do all my theories—does all my teaching count for naught?" he cried. "Now listen unto me. My words will I not gainsay, my edict will I never recall. He turned to the Minstrel.

"You," he said—"you thin and shabby specimen of humanity, for daring to aspire unto a King's daughter, you shall lose the form by which you have hitherto been known, and become as one of these trees rooted here—a shabby sapling."

His daughter shrieked; but even before the last cry had left her lips she beheld in the place where her minstrel lover had been, one tree the more in the bush—a thin and shabby sapling in very truth.

Her father laughed harshly.

"You see it is not for nothing I am King," he said.

The Princess stretched out her hand to him, but, before she could speak, from the root of the sapling a voice arose. Both the King and the Princess looked round, but their eyes could see nothing save the brown earth.

"For this deed that thou hast done, O King of the Mimosa Regions," it said, "I, who know the Minstrel to be worthy, will claim thy daughter. The flower



"YOU SEE IT IS NOT FOR NOTHING I AM KING!"

up her mind that she could only marry for love. There were quite enough in the Land, whom her father hated. He could hardly, in common justice, expect to add a son-in-law to the long list.

The Minstrel was as poor as minstrels usually are. In fact, in the words of the poet, he was merely a

"Thing of shreds and patches."

But he had good eyes and a pathetic smile. More-

that has bloomed at thy side so long will I now wear. For she is mine. Enter, O Princess, into this prison-house that awaits thee."

Into the dull earth she slipped. The laughing grey eye, and that gold hair of hers—they are for ever gone. Shut up in the cold grey earth.

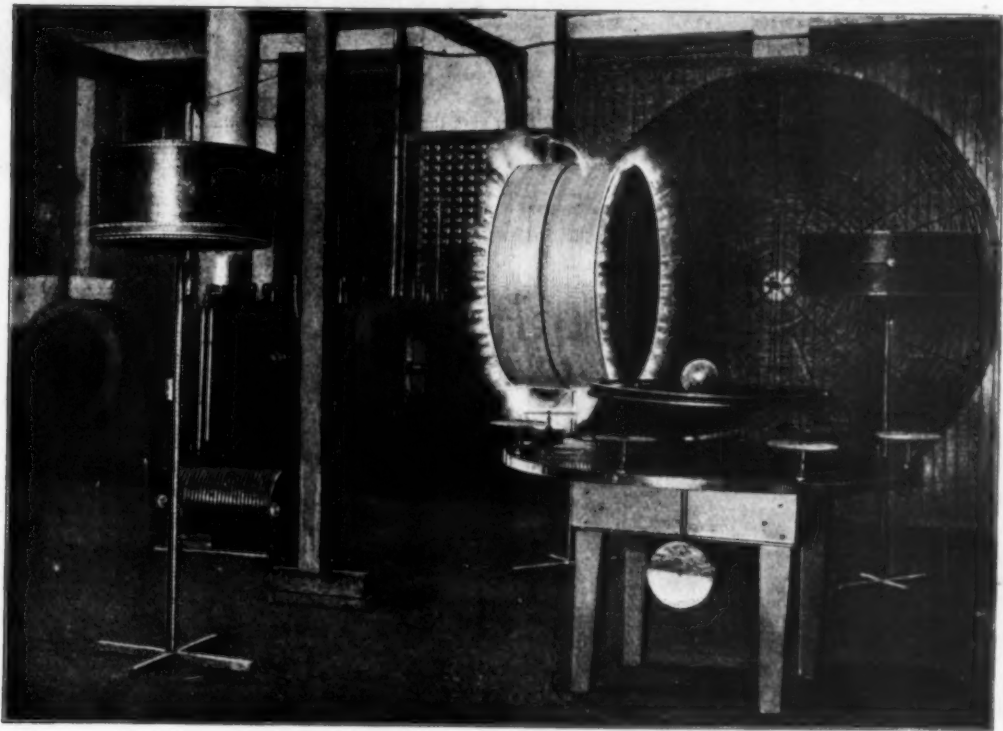
All through long dead years has she stayed there, she who loved the sunshine and the flowers—she who loved the songs of birds and the great hills. No

more is she permitted to laugh in the Bush World, to sing on the plains.

Only in the spring-time, when the earth is most mild, she stretches out of her prison walls pink beseeching hands—five tiny fingers.

They are there for who will to see. Four men who have come to the Land now see them too. They think they are flowers. But some spirit voice must have whispered to them of the truth, for even they call them "Lady's Fingers."

Science and Discovery.



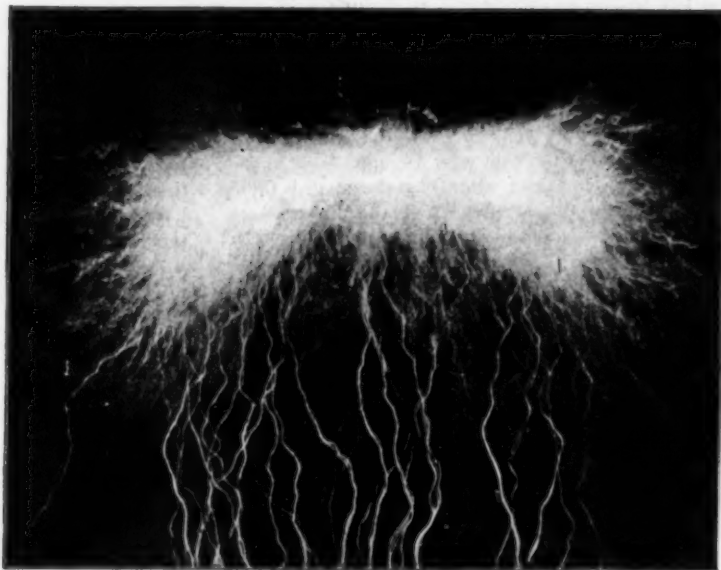
PART OF TESLA'S LABORATORY, SHOWING LUMINOUS STREAMERS ISSUING FROM A COIL EXCITED BY ELECTRIC WAVES. THE COIL IS NOT CONNECTED WITH THE SOURCE OF ELECTRIC ENERGY.

THE LIGHT OF THE FUTURE.

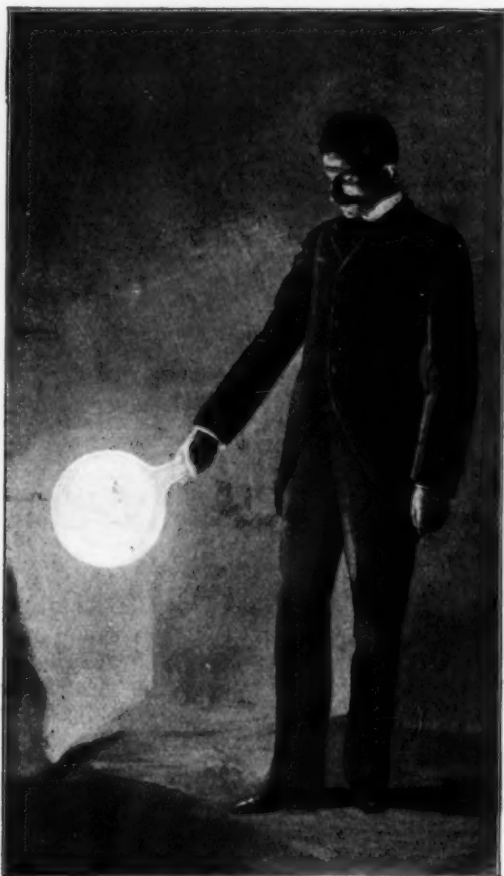
Seven years ago Mr. Nikola Tesla astonished an audience of electrical experts at the Royal Institution by a series of marvellous experiments with electric currents produced by novel machines invented by him. Since then he has been perfecting his apparatus, and he appears now to be able to obtain even more wonderful effects than formerly. An article in the New York "Electrical Review," in which he describes and illustrates some of the recent achievements, ought not, therefore, to be passed without notice, as it gives particulars of a distinct scientific advance.

The currents with which Mr. Tesla operates are similar in character to those produced by an induction coil—such, for instance, as is used to give electric shocks. Other conditions being equal, a large coil of this kind is more powerful than a small one, so that large coils actuated by a suitable current are dangerous instruments to deal with. A remarkable fact discovered by Mr. Tesla in an early stage of his investigations with such coils was that, although electric currents alternating at the rate of about 5,000 per second were fatal, currents which were reversed in direction 20,000 times a second and upwards had no serious effect upon the nervous system of the human body, so that

they could pass through a person without any disagreeable consequences as easily as they are conducted through a wire. It is, therefore, possible to receive with impunity a discharge several inches in length from one of Mr. Tesla's coils, though at first sight it would seem that the discharge would be immediately fatal. In the same way a vacuum tube held in the hand can be made luminous by merely holding it in the sphere of influence of the coil, without affecting the body in any way. One of the accompanying illustrations shows Mr. Tesla holding a vacuum bulb of this kind in his hand, and the bulb is seen to be brilliantly luminous, though it is not connected with the electric current. The light is of 1,500 candle power, which is much brighter than was



AN ELECTRICAL DISCHARGE, 28 FEET WIDE.



A VACUUM BULB OF 1,500 CANDLE-POWER ILLUMINATED BY ELECTRIC CURRENTS THOUGH NOT CONNECTED WITH THE SOURCE OF ELECTRICITY.

obtained in 1892, and shows that very considerable progress has been made.

Another photograph shows part of Mr. Tesla's laboratory, with a disconnected coil supported upon an insulating stand and illuminated by electric streams issuing from it. This coil was in electric unison with that in which the electric waves were generated, but the others shown were not, so they remained unaffected. The success of these experiments suggests that a phosphorescent glow of this kind, transmitted without connecting wires, is the light of the future.

The recent investigations have led to a discovery that the air may become a conductor of electric currents of the kind used by Mr. Tesla. It is therefore proposed to transmit currents through the air by means of instruments supported from kites or balloons. The reproduction here given of a photograph of the discharge from an instrument used in experiments on this subject shows the character of the electrical energy employed. Whether this scheme of wireless transmission of power will prove practicable remains to be proved, but in any case Mr. Tesla has made many very remarkable discoveries, and his inventive genius will doubtless lead to unlooked-for developments of electricity.

SHAPES AND HEIGHTS OF CLOUDS.

Clouds assume such an infinite variety of forms, all of which merge into one another by almost imperceptible gradations, that the classification of them is necessarily difficult. Several schemes of classification have been proposed, but the system adopted by the International Congress of Meteorologists represents the most scientific attempt at arranging clouds into groups. The accompanying illustration, consisting of reproductions of portions of photographs taken at the Vatican Observatory, shows the ten classes of clouds which the International system recognises, arranged

from the lowest forms to the highest. The names of the various classes, and the altitudes at which the

Cirrus
(27,000 to 50,000
feet)

Cirro-stratus
(29,500 feet)

Cirro-cumulus
(10,000 to 23,000
feet)

Alto-cumulus
(10,000 to 23,000
feet)

Alto-stratus
(10,000 to 23,000
feet)

Strato-cumulus
(about 6,500 feet)

Cumulus
(4,500 to 6,000
feet)

Cumulo-nimbus
(4,500 to 24,000
feet)

Nimbus
(3,000 to 6,400
feet)

Stratus
(0 to 3,500 feet)



clouds of each type usually occur, as given by Mr. Richard Inwards, past-president of the Royal Meteorological Society, in his "Weather Lore," are printed at one side of the illustration. It has been found by observation that the same form of cloud occurs most frequently at approximately the same height above the earth's surface, the lowest clouds being the stratus kind—a horizontal stratum of lifted fog—and the highest the feathery clouds of fine fibrous texture, and the fine whitish veil which often produces haloes around the Sun and Moon. As the temperature at which the two highest forms of cloud exists is below that at which water freezes, these clouds do not consist of water-vapour, but of particles of ice. No very exact connection between the clouds and weather has been established, but every observer of the sky is aware of a general relationship. An old proverb says: "The higher the clouds, the finer the weather," but to accurately estimate forthcoming weather it is necessary to consider the strength and direction of the wind, as well as the type of cloud. The clouds usually regarded as characteristic of bad weather are cirro-stratus, alto-stratus, cumulo-nimbus, and nimbus; and the precursors of good weather are cirrus, alto-cumulus, strato-cumulus, and cumulus.

TORPEDOES STEERED BY ELECTRIC WAVES.

An ingenious method of controlling the direction of movement of torpedoes has been recently perfected by Messrs. Jamieson and Trotter. It consists of an application of the use of electric waves as in wireless telegraphy, and obviates any necessity for metallic connection between the torpedo and the torpedo boat. To understand the plan of procedure it must be remembered that an iron rod is sucked into a coil of wire, when an electric current traverses the spiral in a suitable direction. The torpedo is provided with two staffs which project above the surface of the water and can receive electric waves reaching them through the air, and generated by a suitable apparatus on the torpedo boat. To the rudder head of the torpedo are attached two coils of wire with two cores of iron near them. When an electric current passes round the coils in one direction one of the cores is sucked in, while if the current circulates in the other direction the other core enters its spiral. Suppose the torpedo leaves its proper course: it is at once righted in the following way. Electric waves are developed on the torpedo boat, pass through the air, and are received by the staffs attached to the torpedo. These by a simple apparatus are made to develop an electric current in the coils of wire, and one or other of the iron cores, as occasion requires, is sucked into its coil, and this movement turns the helm of the torpedo. When the torpedo has reached its proper course the waves from the controller are stopped. The invention will render it possible to cause a torpedo to move in any direction almost as if it were possessed of a separate intelligence.

TIMBER SEASONING BY ELECTRICITY.

The most effectual way to preserve good timber is, in the opinion of many authorities, to partially season

it in as natural a way as possible before using it for building or other purposes, and, after it has been worked up, to allow it to undergo a further short process of natural seasoning before painting or varnishing. But this takes a long time. Thus, a piece of oak twenty-four inches square requires about twenty-six months to become seasoned, even if under cover and protected from wind and weather; while a piece from four to eight inches square requires six months. Many plans to shorten this long period have from time to time been tried. Among these may be mentioned artificial drying, charring, and impregnation with an antiseptic solution, such as blue vitriol or creosote. The latest suggestion for rapidly seasoning timber comes from France. It is known as the Nodon-Brettonneau process, and has been tried very successfully on a large scale at Paris. The timber to be seasoned is placed in a lukewarm solution of 10 per cent. of borax, 5 per cent. of resin, and $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. of carbonate of soda, and a strong electric current is caused to pass through the timber. The passage of the electric current causes the expulsion of the sap and the introduction of the solution into the cells of the wood. This stage of the treatment takes from six to eight hours, and is followed by the immersion of the timber in a warm bath for a few more hours. The wood is then dried under cover by currents of air. The seasoning is complete in from a fortnight to two months, according to the size of the pieces of timber. The new process appears to effect a considerable saving of time and expense, and it has recently been introduced into this country.

TORTOISESHELL.

A recent article in "Nature" reminds us that the tortoiseshell of trade has nothing to do with the tortoise. It comes entirely from the turtle, and would be more correctly spoken of as turtle-shell, though in reality it is not even a shell. It corresponds to the scarf-skin or epidermis of a human being. In the widest sense of the name tortoiseshell must be taken to include the horny plates or shields covering the majority of turtles and lying immediately above their bony case. The material prepared from the under-surface of a turtle, and because of its uniform colour called in trade "yellow-belly," is more valuable than all but the very finest prepared from the upper plates of the reptile. The best shell is obtained from a kind of turtle, known from the form of its beak as hawksbill. The plates of tortoiseshell can be obtained from the underlying bony framework of a dead turtle by the application of heat. For this purpose boiling water is sometimes used, though the whole shell is more generally placed over a fire. In 1870 the total amount of all kinds of tortoiseshell imported into the United Kingdom was 49,332 lb., valued at £32,503. In 1898 the amount of imported hawksbill tortoiseshell alone was 76,760 lb., without taking any account of the inferior kinds. Because of the high price of the genuine article, it is not surprising to find that imitation tortoiseshell is made. This is done by painting horn with a paste of lime, oxide of lead, and soda, which is allowed to dry and is then rubbed off. Dark spots are thus formed in the horn, giving it a mottled appearance.

R. A. GREGORY.

Over-Sea Notes.

A Wife's
Gleanings.

In the preface to her recently published "Notes sur la Vie d'Alphonse Daudet" Madame Daudet describes with infinite charm the difficulty and sadness of her task—undertaken in conformity with the wish of her late husband, which was, however, sealed up in an envelope to be opened after death. It is now well known that Alphonse Daudet filled a multitude of note-books with impressions, observations, and fugitive thoughts, from which he afterwards selected those that he felt the need of in the course of composition. There was much method in this note-taking, each work given to the public having its corresponding series of *carnets*, in which ideas for development and observations on exterior things were set down in such an order that it has been easy to identify them with the finished productions. But there were works which Daudet began and never completed. Moreover, his ever-active imagination led him to go on jotting down his thoughts in advance of his power, to give them a fixed place in a book, until almost his last hour. He knew that somebody after his death would endeavour to extract from these note-books what might be considered worth preserving, and as he placed supreme

confidence in his wife's critical judgment, as well as in the guidance of her affection, he left to her the trust, which she has fulfilled so perfectly. When Daudet had made use of a note he drew his pen through it. In all the *carnets* there are scattered thoughts which were not subsequently used by the writer. The decision whether they should ever be given to the public or not has therefore rested with Madame Daudet. "I needed courage," she writes, "for this gleaner's work. I had to go back to 1868, the year following our marriage, when the first notes of the young writer included family dates, appointments with the publisher or the director of a theatre, dates also when bills had to be met—all that related to the laborious and difficult beginning of a literary life. How painful was this task to me, this search throughout his work, each stage of which was marked to me either by the title of one of his books or the birth of one of our children! If by the magic of that thought, so full of colour, precision, and life, I seemed sometimes to be talking with him, and so pass two or three hours with the illusion of that close companionship in which we lived, I fell all the more heavily back afterwards into the gulf of loneliness and regret."

Very pathetic, too, is the passage in which Madame Daudet alludes to her feelings as she observes the growing change in her husband's handwriting as he fell more and more into the power of the terrible spinal disease with which he struggled so heroically during the last fifteen years of his life. By her gleanings Madame Daudet has preserved much corn that was left uncarried.

Excavations at the Chersonesus Taurica. Some interesting and most important "finds" have been made among the ruins of the ancient Greek city, Chersonesus Taurica, situated about two miles west of the famous Crimean fortress, Sevastopol. They consist of a beautifully carved marble gateway, two richly decorated sarcophagi—one from Greek, the other from Roman times—a considerable collection of Greek ornaments of gold and copper, and one or two exquisite fragments of pottery. The best of these have been sent to the Hermitage Museum at Petersburg. The extensive ruins now cover the site of the ancient city, Herakleia Chersonesi, founded in the fifth century B.C. by Greeks from Bithynia. After the overthrow of the empire of King Mithridates the Romans called the place Chersonesus Taurica, a name afterwards corrupted to Korsun. Korsun will live in history as the spot where Christianity was first embraced by a Russian ruler. This happened in A.D. 988, when the Grand Duke Vladimir received baptism at the hands of Greek monks. In the middle ages Korsun became a Genoese colony with Eupatoria, Balaklava, and other places on the coast; but during the subsequent Tartar dynasty, which had its seat at Baghtchi-Serai, it was gradually forsaken by its inhabitants and fell into ruins. The imperial Russian Archaeological Society believe that the numerous and valuable objects now unearthed will throw much interesting light on the history and progress of Greek art during the two centuries which preceded the birth of Christ.

Mormons and Polygamy. The Mormon question never for long remains at rest. When Utah was admitted as a State in 1896, Americans congratulated themselves that at last there was an end to the long drawn-out conflict between the Mormons and the United States Government with respect to polygamy. People congratulated themselves, because it had been made a condition of the admission of Utah that plural marriages should cease. The Mormon Church gave a pledge to this effect, and the United States Congress granted an amnesty to past offenders who were prepared to accept the new conditions and act in accordance with the pledge which the Mormon Church had made in behalf of its people. On these terms the old form of territorial government administered from Washington came to an end. Utah became a State with a Legislature to make its own laws, and it was given two representatives in the National Senate and one member in the House of Representatives. For about two years nothing was heard of plural marriages, and people in the other States were assuming that the Mormons were living up to the pledges of 1896, when in 1898 it became known that they had elected to Congress one of their faith who, prior to the admis-

sion of Utah, had been convicted of polygamy. At the time he was elected he was living with four wives. Prominent Mormon women who had been active in his behalf at the election announced that they had worked and voted for his return in order to see what would happen at Washington if the Mormons elected to Congress a man "who lives our religion as his fathers lived it." They wanted to see, they added, whether "the world had grown harder-minded, and whether the old prejudice lived." As soon as it became generally known that a Mormon who was defying the compact of 1896 had been elected, petitions by the score were sent to Congress from all parts of the United States protesting against his admission. Some of these petitions were adopted by the State Legislatures; others were sent by the churches. The question cannot be settled until the meeting of the Congress which was elected in 1898, of which the Mormon is a member; and when Congress does assemble, the question will be surrounded with difficulty, and constitutional machinery, seldom resorted to in the past, may have to be employed to bring about the expulsion of Utah's recalcitrant Congressman. Congress has power to deal with an offender who is of its membership, but there are no practicable means by which it can punish Utah's deliberate breach of the compact made when it was admitted to the Union, nor can Congress stay the revival of polygamy now that Utah is no longer under territorial jurisdiction.

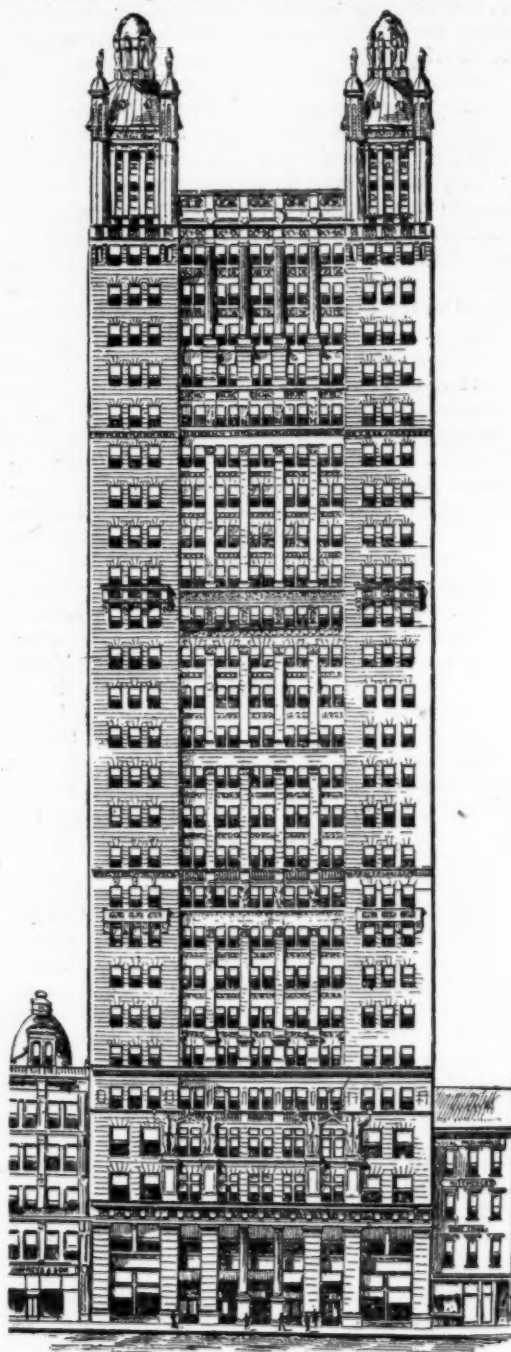
The Temperance Movement in Canada.

The Temperance people in Canada are not discouraged by the refusal of the Laurier Government to accept the plebiscite taken in September 1898 as a mandate for a Dominion Prohibition Law. They still hold that a majority of 14,000 in favour of Prohibition ought to bring some legislative result, especially in view of the fact that out of eight Provinces all but one (Quebec) voted in favour of Prohibition. The Prohibitionists do not desire to force Prohibition on Quebec, and accordingly they are now urging the Dominion Government to enact a law so framed that it can be put in operation in any of the Provinces which by popular vote choose to adopt it. The Canadian Provinces have each a large measure of local autonomy. All their more domestic affairs are dealt with, not by Parliament at Ottawa, but by the several Provincial Legislatures, which are in session every year. It is beyond the power of a Provincial Legislature to pass a prohibition law, because such a law would necessarily interfere with the internal revenue duties on liquors by which the Dominion Government raises about one-fifth of its revenue. Consequently, if any of the Provinces adopt Prohibition, it must be under a law passed by the Dominion Parliament. The Prohibitionists realise this, and, since the Laurier Government refused to pass a law on the lines set out in the plebiscite ballot papers, they have been working for a Dominion law; but for a law which, while general in its scope, shall go into operation only in those Provinces which again declare themselves in favour of it. If the Prohibitionists succeed in their new campaign, the law they desire will be passed by the Dominion Parliament, and then at the next Dominion

election the electors in each Province will vote on the question as to whether they desire that the law should go into effect in their Province. When a Province has declared in favour of the law, it will go into operation at once, and remain in operation for at least four years. After that time the question may be voted upon again. In September 1898 the electors were asked to go to the polls to vote only for or against the Prohibition Law. Then the poll was only forty-six per cent. of the number polled at the Dominion General Election in 1896. The Prohibitionists are desirous that in future the Prohibition votes shall not be taken at separate elections, but at the same elections at which members of the Dominion House of Commons are chosen. There are some serious obstacles in the way of the new plan for which the Prohibitionists are now working; but since the Dominion plebiscite in 1898 they have been more active and more insistent than at any time since Prohibition became an issue in Dominion as distinct from Provincial politics. Outside the Province of Quebec, which is overwhelmingly Catholic, all the churches are identified with the Prohibition movement, and it should be added that a large number of the adherents of both political parties both in and out of Parliament are in favour of Prohibition laws.

Canadians, especially those living in Montreal, are much disturbed by the Chinese coolie traffic, in which one of the great railway companies has an active share. The Dominion of Canada, unlike the United States, does not exclude Chinese immigrants; but to check this immigration it imposes a landing fee of \$50. Comparatively few Chinamen come to Canada; but Chinese labourers are frequently in demand in Mexico and Brazil, and in other Central and South American countries. To meet this demand, Chinamen are brought to Vancouver, and then carried in bond eastward across the Continent to Montreal, from which city they are sent, still in bond, to New York, where they take ship for their destination. When the Chinamen arrive at Vancouver, the railway company gives bond to the custom-house officers to the amount of \$50 in respect of each Chinaman, and is freed from the bond when the Chinamen have been transported across the frontier line between the province of Quebec and the United States. If a Chinaman escapes *en route*, the railway company forfeits \$50. To prevent their escape, the Chinamen are carried across the Continent in special cars. When they reach Montreal, they are corralled in a pen in the railway station, and the railway company calls upon the chief of police of Montreal to detail a squad of his men to keep guard over the pen, that none of the Chinamen may escape. For all practical purposes the Chinamen are in jail during their stay in Montreal, and at these times scenes often occur which the people of Montreal are coming to regard as humiliating to their city and to the Dominion, and as repugnant to British ideas. The traffic is profitable to the railway company on whose steamers the coolies are carried from China to Vancouver. It is, however, becoming increasingly repulsive to many Canadians, and the Dominion Government is being called upon to amend

the law as to Chinese immigration in such a way as shall stop the carrying of Chinamen in bond, as though they were articles of merchandise, and put an end to the spectacles of corralled brown men which occur with some frequency at the Montreal terminus.



New York is famous the world over for its sky-scraping office buildings. A New York Sky-Scraper. Every year sees an addition to them: and no sooner is one great building complete and

occupied than it is overtopped by a loftier. For the present, the largest office building in New York, and the largest in the world, is in Park Row, which may be described as the Fleet Street of New York; for in the neighbourhood of Park Row are the offices of all the New York morning and evening newspapers. The new building, which has a frontage of only 104 feet, is twenty-nine storeys high. It contains 1,053 offices; so that, counting only three occupants to an office, within this building during business hours there is to be found the population of a small town. But, besides the regular occupants of the offices, there are thousands of callers, and to meet their convenience and that of the persons working in the building, there are no fewer than ten passenger elevators. Several of these are what are known as express elevators. They ascend to the upper floors without stopping at the intervening landings, and when one of these elevators is about to start on its upward flight, its destination is announced in the hall by an elevator despatcher, much as the departure of a train is announced at a London railway station. In a similar building in New York, a little while ago, something went wrong with the machinery working the elevators, and it took the occupants of the twenty-first storey twenty-five minutes to reach their rooms. The feverish rush and intensity of New York business life is nowhere more obvious than in this twenty-nine-storey office building, from nine o'clock in the morning till six in the evening; and another indication of the closeness with which American business men stick to work is to be found in the fact that the doors of this building are never closed. Night and day, Sundays as well as week

days, the building is open, and the elevators are continually on the go.

A Canadian
Curfew Law.

For several years a social experiment has been tried in Ontario which is now admitted to have been a failure. It took the form of a curfew law applicable to children. In many towns in the province the curfew bell was established by municipal by-laws, and when the bell was rung in the evening, children were supposed to retire to their homes. In many instances, the town council passed the curfew by-law at the request of deputations. They did so more in the accommodating spirit that characterises elective representative bodies than with any intention of enforcing the law. The councils ordered the bell to be rung at nine o'clock, but that was all they did. At first the children were disposed to obey the law. Soon they discovered that there was no force behind it—that the law was not seriously meant, and the result has been that in many Ontario towns it has been a dead letter, and the children have remained in the streets heedless of the tolling of the curfew bell. Neither the municipal officers nor the parents were in sympathy with the law, which may now be written down as a failure, and even its zealous advocates are beginning to realise that the only way in which children can be protected from the dangers of evil associations is by impressing upon parents their own direct responsibility, and giving the children themselves, in their daily school training, such moral instruction as will tend to develop good habits and modest instincts.

[From our own Correspondents.]

Varieties.

So much has been heard of recent years concerning the evils of using the carbonate and oxides of lead in glazing pottery, that it was only to be expected inquirers should be at work in search of substitutes. From a little book published by Mr. W. J. Furnival, of Stoke, under the title of "Researches on Leadless Glazes," it seems that several glazes that do no damage are now known, and that he at least after hundreds of experiments has discovered many non-poisonous mixtures that have turned out satisfactorily when tried. Every one with a kiln should consult the book, which is evidently the work of a practical man for practical men. If Mr. Furnival can only persuade one or two of the leading manufacturers to adopt a few of his formulæ, he will have done something considerable for that betterment of mankind he so ardently desires. With about two hundred recipes to choose from it is odd if there is not something of commercial value in it somewhere.

The thin volume is rather a curiosity in its way, as it is priced at five guineas, whereas as a book alone it is hardly worth as many shillings. It is not, however, intended for people merely to buy and read, but for

them to study and work to, and the author is perhaps justified in looking on the pounds as his fee for expert instruction, though how he is to prevent his recipes being copied out at the libraries we fail to see. Anyhow, in Horne's "Orion" at a farthing we had one end of the scale, and in Furnival's "Leadless Glazes" we have the other.—J. G.

Robert
Fortune.

I was greatly interested in your issue for this month [May] giving an account of Robert Fortune, plant collector. I well recollect the wonderful collection of Japanese plants that was shown for the first time in the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens at South Kensington. One of the flowers that caused so great a sensation was the *Lilium auratum*, and this name brought to my memory that at one of his weekly visits to us about four years after this he told me there was a rumour that there was a shipment of some thousands of *L. auratum* expected, but he was doubtful whether they would be the real article, the quantity being so immense. The bulbs were offered for sale at Stevens' Rooms. Mr. Fortune asked me whether I would join him in a speculation—buy a quantity—that I should

grow and flower them, and then when in bloom to be again sold at Stevens'. I cannot refer to my papers, as they are in my safe in London, but, unless my memory fails me, the price of each bulb we bought averaged 7s. 11d. They were an exceptionally fine lot of bulbs, far better than other consignments that followed, which had their outer petals shrivelled, whereas the whole lot now sold were sound and plump. So great was the excitement at this first sale to get hold on chance of something new, that the boxes which the bulbs arrived in, containing the earth attached to the lilies and the broken pieces of bulbs, were sold.

It was an anxious time for me to have the bulbs just ready to come into flower, or not too advanced in bloom; and as they came forward they were placed in a house facing north to keep them back for the day of the sale. The majority of the plants were offered singly, and the best of them, that were exceptionally well-marked and the colouring differing from any that had been seen in flower before, realised from £2 to £3 each. The champion was one with a deep red band and extra large spots, which fetched £4 7s. 6d. This was thirty-five years ago—now in a catalogue just received by post this morning I am offered sound bulbs ranging in price from 1s. 9d. to (the extra large size) 6s. per dozen!—W. T. CATTEUGH.

Caucus. Caucus, we all know, is an American word. It goes back to the year 1763, though it is said to have been used earlier. Americans have busied themselves to find the correct origin of the word, some alleging that it is borrowed from an Indian language, in which the corresponding word means "one who advises, urges, or encourages." This is probable, but rests on no sure evidence.

Derrick. About the year 1600 a hangman of this name officiated at Tyburn, and through the seventeenth century it stood for "hangman," "hanging," and the "gallows." In the next century it was appropriated to various means of hoisting things aloft, originally on board ship, where it has now ceased to be employed.

Astronomical Notes for July. The Sun rises in the latitude of Greenwich on the 1st day of this month at 3h. 49m. in the morning, and sets at 8h. 19m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 3h. 57m. and sets at 8h. 13m.; and on the 21st he rises at 4h. 10m. and sets at 8h. 2m. He will be in apogee, or farthest from the earth, about 9 o'clock on the morning of the 4th. The Moon will be New at 8h. 31m. on the evening of the 7th; enters her First Quarter at one minute before midnight on the 15th; becomes Full at 9h. 42m. on the evening of the 22nd; and enters her Last Quarter at 43 minutes past noon on the 29th. She will be in apogee, or farthest from the Earth, about half-past 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 10th, and in perigee, or nearest us, a few minutes before noon on the 23rd, when unusually high spring tides may be expected. No eclipses or special phenomena of importance are due this month. The planet Mercury will be at greatest eastern elongation from the Sun on the 22nd, and will therefore be visible in the evening during the second half of the month, situated in the western part of the constellation Leo, and passing on the 25th about two degrees due south of its brightest star Regulus. Venus is visible in the morning throughout the month, moving from the constellation Taurus into Gemini, and rising at the end of it about 3 o'clock, nearly an hour and a-half before sunrise; she will be in conjunction with the horned waning Moon on the morning of the 6th. Mars continues to diminish in brightness, but is visible throughout the month in the evening, setting at the end of it about an hour and a-half after the Sun; he is moving in an easterly direction through the constellation Leo. Jupiter is still visible until past midnight, but by the end of the month will set at half-past 10 o'clock in the evening; he is still in the eastern part of Virgo, moving slowly towards Libra, and will be near the Moon on the 16th, the actual conjunction taking place before dark. Saturn is still near the boundary of Scorpio and Ophiuchus; he will be due south at 10 o'clock on the evening of the 9th, and at 9 o'clock on that of the 23rd, and near the Moon on the 19th.—W. T. LYNN.

The Fireside Club.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN RHYME.

GREAT ADMIRALS.

The wooden walls are gone that belched forth fire,
In place see tempered steel and subtle wire;
Still are our hearts of oak as brave and bold,
As their forefathers were in days of old.

I.

Circling the world around, in far Pacific seas,
From Spain *he* wrested treasure in famous victories.

II.

His leg shot off, his strength near done,
He fought on fiercely till he won.

III.

That first of June was a glorious day,
When forth *he* sailed in battle array.

IV.

He swept away the Dutchman bold,
Who vowed in vain the seas to hold.

V.

With wind and wave up Channel *he* bore,
French ships to burn or chase ashore.

VI.

He seized the gates of the eastern world
And laid the seas at our feet.
Checkmated the tyrant and laid him low,
And battered in pieces his fleet.

Readers will please observe that the above names do not form an acrostic. For the best answer in rhyme, naming and describing each admiral, a prize of FIVE SHILLINGS will be awarded.

PRIZE DEFINITIONS (p. 474).

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN.

A man strides calmly through the world, with field glasses and a compass,
A woman runs, with her parasol up, and a thick veil on. (L. B. D.-H.)

The following are also declared to be original, and are worth quoting :

Woman designs and man opines. (C. B.)

Man is the salt, woman the sugar, of life. (J. M. S. M.)

The difference is that between Head and Heart when in union. (C.)

Woman loves to have a Master, Man to be a Master. (G. K.)

Woman is a creature of impulse, Man an animal capable of reason. (E. S.)

PRO AND CON. ESSAYS.

The advocates *Pro* and *Con.* living in a musical neighbourhood are almost equal in number. Although personally his sympathies are with the *Pro* party, the Editor would have awarded the prize to the *Cons* for the greater spirit of their defence, but unfortunately their best advocate has exceeded the word limit, and he must therefore divide the prize with the leader of the opposition. The two essays are as follows :

CON.

Advantages? There are none. People talk glibly enough on the pleasures of living among musical surroundings; but one always finds that either they themselves are unmusical, or else they live in the heart of the country. If a man wants music let him go to St. James's or the Albert Hall, where he can get the real article; but if he wants a quiet evening, for goodness' sake don't drive him mad by having organs and German bands brought round his very door. Shakespeare wrote, "Music hath charms," etc., and it certainly has, but *in moderation*, and this is never the case in a musical neighbourhood. For a little while music is very nice and pleasant, but when it begins to interfere with public comfort and enjoyment it is time instantly to suppress it.

One final argument.

Does a house agent insert in his advertisement, "Situating in a musical locality"? Not he: he is not quite such a fool.

A. H. EUSTACE JONES.

PRO.

Most people have at least a certain amount of love for music, and it is an inestimable advantage to live in a neighbourhood where this taste can be cultivated, for the study of music can never be other than ennobling. It brings out all that is best and highest in human nature, it forms a common bond of sympathy between all grades and classes of society, it brightens many dark corners of the earth, and it fills many a blank space in otherwise empty and frivolous lives. Social gossip is less frequent and mischievous when music is a prominent feature in a neighbourhood, and the pursuit of music furnishes opportunities for many a harmless and pleasant gathering. Finally, to echo the words of Martin Luther, "Music is a fair and glorious gift of God; I would not for the world renounce my humble share in music."

D. WEBSTER.

This month our readers are invited to define, in original and brief phrase, "The essentials in Friendship." A prize of FIVE SHILLINGS will be awarded for the best answer.

Pro and Con. essays are again invited, the question being, "Is settled peace good for a nation?" The answers to be strictly limited to a hundred and fifty words, none accepted that exceed this limit. A prize of FIVE SHILLINGS awarded for the most convincing.

GREAT CITY ACROSTIC (p. 474).

PRIZE ANSWER.—DELHI.

DEATH cannot make the brave turn back,
In terror from his fierce attack:
But hearts, though brave, of ENGLAND thought,
When wild revolt new peril brought.
Weave LAURELS of undying fame
For each belov'd and honoured name,
HEROES who nobly did their part,
Nor in the sorest strain lost heart;
And not a few who victims fell,
Had shown their love for INDIA well.

WHOLE.

DELHI, the rallying-point of rebel power,
Till Retribution struck the destined hour.

Prize of FIVE SHILLINGS is awarded to ROBERT BOSWELL, 2 Hawkswood Villas, Chingford.

A prize of FIVE SHILLINGS is sent to L. B. DRUMMOND-HAY, Seggieden, Perth, for prize definition; and HALF-A-CROWN each to A. H. EUSTACE JONES, 12 Queen's Road, Chelsea, W., and D. WEBSTER, Crosby Ravensworth Vicarage, Shap, Westmoreland, for their Pro and Con. essays.

All papers for the different Prize Competitions announced in the FIRESIDE CLUB must be received not later than the 20th of the month. Write FIRESIDE CLUB outside the envelope, and address to the Editor "Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

TEA-TABLE TOPICS.

Contributed by our readers. FIVE SHILLINGS awarded for the best paragraph each month.

The Spring-time of Ideas.

Why are the morning hours between waking and rising from bed, to judge from the recorded experience of many thinkers, the most fruitful in new ideas? Non-thinkers condemn the assertion as an excuse for laziness; but they speak in ignorance, and the fact remains. You remember the poet in Richter's "Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces," who tried to cherish the fresh springing fancies that came unsought in these early hours, and how the stupid ingenuity of his dull-minded wife nipped their bud? Observing that he paid no attention to her repeated warnings that the coffee was nearly ready, and only got up when he heard that it was actually on the table, she began to deceive him (for his own good, as she supposed), and got him up earlier and earlier for some days, by falsely asserting it was on the table. At last she overreached herself. He dressed with unusual speed one morning, and, finding nothing ready, uttered a bitter invective against the low cunning with which she scattered valuable ideas in her ruthless devotion to punctuality, and could see him spend fruitless hours at his desk thereafter vainly trying to recall them, without in the least comprehending what she had done.

The Reason Why.

People at all capable of thought naturally take the poet's side of the question, but there must always remain a large contingent who side with the housewife; those who would at once pound Pegasus if they found him straying, and who believe in penny-a-lining, because you know then what you are getting for your money. Realists these are, and they demand facts. Well, the fact in regard to the morning's crop of ideas is, that the mind of the thinker is, on waking, at its undisturbed best. It is refreshed by sleep, and the body, which so often hampers it at other times, by being importunately tired, or hungry, or cold, or hot, active, or suffering, or merely uncomfortable and restless, is then quiescent.

In a wiser world than this, idealists would enjoy a special licence to lie abed in the mornings, and think out the inspirations of the hour. They might be provided with note-book and pencil, and, perhaps, put on their honour not to go to sleep again, but otherwise left in peace. Instead of promoting this natural crop of thought in the few original minds among us, housewives and other precisians drive the thinkers of the world to a costly alternative. Seedling ideas, not given natural conditions, must be germinated by an artificial hot-bed process. Stimulated by meat and

drink, talk, society, books. At the end of the day, when materialists are going to bed, our idealist finds himself in a mood for work, and burns the midnight oil—abhorred of physicians—in shaping those very ideas which would have developed themselves naturally had he been allowed to follow the bent of his genius undisturbed in the morning.

A Feast of Colour.

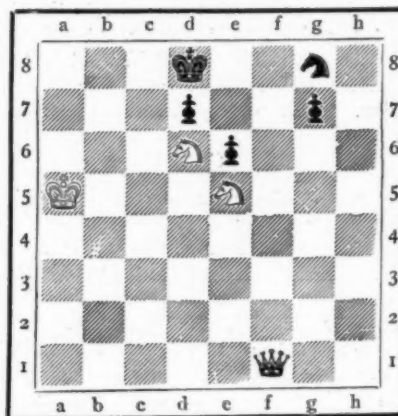
Not least among recent social improvements are our improved ideas of feasting. The ox roasted whole is a passed-away tribute to man the carnivorous; nowadays it is æsthetic man we delight to please, and we spread before his eyes a feast of colour to be enjoyed during the necessary process of eating and drinking. Summer was so late of coming this year that the season of blue flowers is not yet over, and we may still make festival with a harmony of these. The artificial glow of lamps and candles we must do without in these long sunlit evenings, and the upholstering of our dinner tables with silken and embroidered centre-pieces is, fortunately, gone out of fashion; so, on the pure surface of white damask, which best suits them, we may spread our day-lit feast of flowers.

Let us bring out our treasures of blue china, as who cannot? Some tall Dutch jar for a centre-piece, to hold the irises of every shade, from an azure-grey to indigo-purple. Monkshoods, lupins, delphiniums, cornflowers—find the right height and shape of vase for each. Then fill every little bowl and saucer with pansies, forget-me-nots, violas, lobelias, gentians, scabious, nemophilas; for, indeed, every corner of the garden offers treasures when we go forth in search of blue flowers for our feast.

CHESS PROBLEMS.

BY F. MÖLLER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

4 + 5 = 9 pieces.

White to play, and mate in three moves.